FROM BRAIN AND PEN, O VIRTUE DROPE,
VICE FLY AS CHARLIE, AND JOHN COPE.

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VICE FLY AS CHARLIE, AND JOHN COPE.

AN IMPARTIAL

HISTORY

OF THE

Rise, Progress and Extinction

OF THE LATE

REBELLION

In *Britain*, in the Years 1745 and 1746.

Giving an ACCOUNT of every BATTLE, SKIRMISH and SIEGE, from the Time of the PRETENDER's coming out of *France*, until he landed in *France* again: with Plans of the Battles of *Preston-pans*, *Clifton*, *Falkirk*, and *Culloden*.

With a real DESCRIPTION of his DANGERS and TRAVELS through the *HIGHLAND* Isles, after the Break at *CULLODEN*.

By D. GRAHAM.

The Third EDITION with Amendments,

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PREFACE.

IT is grown cuſtomary to introduce New Publications (however trifling) to the Public, with ſome kind of Oration in their Favour——Some muſt have their Literary Productions ſhelter'd under the Protection of the GREAT, that they may have an Oportunity of ſhowing their Talents in paying flattering Compliments, to gratify their Patron's Vanity, often at the expence of Truth, and always with the ſinifter View of Advantage to themſelves——Others, take their own Word for it, are prevail'd upon, to publiſh their Writings at the requeſt of judicious Friends, thereby, laying the Public under a kind of Tribute to their friends, by obliging them to ſubſcribe to their Judgment, or condemn their Taſte, and excuſe the poor Author, whoſe Modeſty would otherwiſe have kept his Productions a Secret.——Some have wrote with the momentuous View of inſtructing and amending the World——A laudable, but arduous Talk! and every One alledges ſome Reaſon or other for commencing Author.

I TOO have my Reaſons, which I will candidly own: I ſhall not ſay they are as weighty as others are; but I will venture to affirm, they are as common, and ſuch as have introduced into the World ten thouſand BRATS OF THE BRAIN, beſides mine!

FIRST then, I have an Itch for Scribling, and having wrote the following for my Pleaſure, I had an Ambition to have this Child of mine placed out in the world, expecting, if it ſhould thrive and do well, it might bring Credit or Comfort to the Parent——For it is my firm Opinion, that Parental Affection is as ſtrong towards Children of the Braid, as thoſe produced by natural Generation.

HAVING thus far shown my Reason for Publishing, allow me in the next Place, to show my Method——I have no dread of any Body's finding Fault with me for telling the Truth, because Charles has no Sway here; Duke William, once the Idol of the loyal British, is gone to the house of Silence, and I believe, if I should take the Liberty to tell the Truth of him, no Body could blame me—therefore, I have impartially related all that to me seemed worth while, of the Actions of either Party in that confused Fray, from the Writings of the Celebrated VOLTAIRE, from the Author of ASCANIUS, or from my own OBSERVATION, having been an Eye-witness to most of the Movements of the Armies, from the Rebels first crossing the Ford of Frew to their final Defeat at Culloden.——The Highlanders STEALT, PAINT, and SIPPED the KIRN, I really think, pinching Hunger caused most of their Disorders.——The Red-coats unmercifully houghed the Cows, and burnt the Houses of many poor Folks who were innocent of the Rebellion: By both, the Sakeless suffered.——I have wrote it in Vulgar Rhyme, being what not only pleased my own Fancy, but what I have found acceptable to the most part of my Countrymen, especially to those of common Education like myself. If I have done well, 'tis what I should like: and if I have failed, 'tis what Mankind are liable to——Therefore, let Cavillers rather write a better one, than pester themselves and the Public with their Criticisms of my Faults.——To the candid Public, I beg leave to present it, such as it is, and if they applaud, let Zoilus carp his fill——I have gained my End, and am,

The Public's most obedient Servant,

ROB. GALBRAITH.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE REBELLION

In BRITAIN in the Years 1745 and 1746.

CHAP. I.

Introduction and Origin of the War. Charles landing in Scotland and march to Prestonpans.

IN the year ſeventeen hundred and forty one,
An imperious and bloody war began,
Amongſt kings and queens in Germanie,
Who ſhould the Roman Emperor be.
French and Pruſſians did jointly go,
The Hungarian queen to overthrow;
But Britiſh, Hanoverians, and Dutch,
Eſpous'd her cauſe, and that too much.
From year to year, the flame it grew,
Till armies to the field they drew.
At Dittingen and Fontenoy,
Did many thouſand lives deſtroy.
And then the French, they form'd a plan,
To animate our Highland clan,
By ſending the Pretender's ſon
To claim Great Britain as his own;
Which drew the Britiſh forces back,
And made the Germans [illegible]

In

In the month of July, forty-five,
This project into act, they drive.
Prince Charles, the Pretender's son,
On board a French frigate is gone,
With Sullivan, of Irish birth,
And Tilly-bairn of noble worth;
With other five Scots natives more,
Left Lazare, on Brittany shore.
First to Belleisle they steer'd their way
July the fifteenth, that very day,
Where they the Elis'beth did join,
A man-of-war, with arms and coin,
To be his guardian ship, and store,
But could not reach the British shore;
Altho' well mann'd with sixty guns,
The English Lion, made blood and wounds,
Her captain slew, and seventy more;
Made all her crew with wounds and gore,
Fly with the wind in haste to France,
And into Brest they got by chance,
Right narrowly, escaping sinking,
Show'rs of balls around them clinking.
Thus by the Lion, and captain Brett,
He and his convoy, were separate.
His frigate eleven guns did carry,
But on the battle, she did not tarry,
And thought it best to get away,
Because he'd been the richest prey;
The Scottish coast, he reach'd at last,
Amongst the Isles, into the west
Near Lochaber, there did he land
At Kinloch-moidart, I understand;
With one Macdonald he did [illegible]
And on his [illegible]

This

This motto, TANDEM TRIUMPHANS,
At length triumphant, the English is.
His MANIFESTOES, also ſpread,
Which for the Scots, great favours had;
How that the Union, he'd diſſolve,
And the tax from Malt, Salt and Coal;
And as for the High Church of England,
As now eſtabliſh'd, 'twas to ſtand:
But for Scots Kirk, call'd Preſbytry,
He would conſider at more delay.
This ſet the clergy on his tap,
And kept ſome thouſands from the trap,
Wherein with him they had been faen'd
If under arms, they had appear'd.
The Highland Chiefs drew clans together,
But of the end, did not conſider
If their deſigns, miſtarry ſhould,
How that they were, all befool'd,
The Camrons roſe, headed by Lochiel,
And Stewarts did under Appin dwell,
With the Macdonalds of Glengary,
Theſe clans did firſt his arms carry,
Numbred one thouſand, eight hundred men,
But badly armed, as you may ken;
With lockleſs guns, and ruſty ſwords,
Durks and piſtols of ancient ſorts,
Old ſcythes, with their rumples even,
Into a tree, they had them driv'n;
And ſome, with battons of good oak,
Vow'd to kill at every ſtroke:
Some had hatchets upon a pole,
Miſchievous weapons, antick and droll,
Was both for cleaving and for clieking,
And durking too, their way of ſpeaking.

Their

Their uniform, was belted plaids,
Bonnets of blew upon their heads,
With white cockade and naked thie
Of foot, as nimble as may be.
The rumour spread thro' all the land,
Of the Pretender and his band,
Then two companies patrolling went
Of Sinclair's soldiers, with intent,
For to disperse this rebel crew,
But found it was too hard to do,
Being surrounded by the way,
And forc'd their arms down to lay,
They prisoners of war were made,
Or with them fight, they freedom had;
And, Swetenham of Guise's foot,
But he on parole, release got,
Who gave the real authentic count
What strength, the Highland pow'rs did mount,
Who did command, what clans they were,
How they encamped, when and where.
Then Sir John Cope gen'ralissimo,
Troops in Scotland prepar'd to go
Break and scatter them, if he might,
Before they came to a great height,
And all inventions did contrive,
To catch that Prince, dead or alive.
A proclamation there was made,
Of thirty thousand * for his head,
Yet this did not prevent his friends,
Him to assist with men, and means,
From different corners of the land,
They came for to augment his band.

But

* *Pounds Sterling.*

But Cope into the North he went,
Thinking their growth for to prevent;
With all the foot he could collect,
Light arm'd they were, thinking to break
And ſcatter a wild unarmed crew,
Who that of fighting, nothing knew.
The horſe he made at Stirling ſtay,
Under the wall encamp'd they lay,
While he march'd on from hill to hill,
But them to find he had no ſkill,
For Charles ſent in their way a ſcout,
At which they follow'd cloſe purſuit,
O'er the mountains to Inverneſs;
Before he heard where Charlie was,
Poſſeſſed of the town of Perth,
And there was join'd by men of worth,
The Drummonds and duke John by name
Whoſe ſtile was Perth, of noble fame;
There Elcho came, and Broughton too,
With Balmarino not a few,
Kilmarnock alſo gave conſent,
And afterwards unto them went,
With many more, from north and ſouth,
Of gentlemen, the flow'r of youth.
Here of Prince Regent, he took the name,
And his royal Father did proclaim,
King of Great Britain, and Ireland,
With all its titles, you'll underſtand;
And her, they lifted tax and ceſs,
Which did the lieges ſore oppreſs,
And what was worſe, I underſtand
Without his knowledge or command,
Some thieviſh bands, in many parts,
To cloak their rog'ry, us'd theſe arts,

In

In tartan dreſs'd from top to toe,
Arms and livery had alſo;
Plunder'd the country where they went,
Profeſs'd they by the Prince were ſent,
To levy horſe, men and money,
Extorting caſh and horſe from many;
Exciſe and ceſs made people pay,
And gave receipts, ſo juſt were they:
A famous way for making rich,
But Charlie got the blame of ſuch,
Which did his merit ſore defame,
And gave his men a thieviſh name.
Many of his crew indeed were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy;
They cocks and hens, and churns and cheeſe
Did kill and eat, when they could ſeize,
And when owners did them exclaim;
"*Hup poup*, herſel be far frae hame,
"You need not faſh to ſay no thing,
"Herſel brings you a bra' new king."
From Perth they march'd unto Dumblane,
And then by Down the road they've ta'en;
By Stirling bridge they could not go,
Fearing the caſtle, and troops alſo,
Gard'ner and Hamilton's dragoons
Which lay encampt between the towns
Of St. Ninians and Stirling wall,
Impatiently waiting the call,
Thinking John Cope was on their rear,
Though no tidings could from him hear.
They watch'd their motions day and night
But five miles diſtant in their ſight;
Until inform'd by an expreſs,
Of Cope's marching from Inverneſs,

And then was bound for Aberdeen,
From thence to ſail for Eaſt Lothi'n:
And ſo from Stirling to retreat,
On his arrival there to wait;
And were by no means to oppoſe
Them on their march, or come to blows,
Until the foot and horſe unite;
This was John Cope's orders compleat,
While Charles yet, he lay at Down,
And the dragoons at Stirling town;
A council call'd at his deſire,
Held in the houſe of Araprior,
With chiefs and heads of ev'ry clan,
Their expedition ſouth to plan.
Some was with Gard'ner for to fight,
And others ſaid, that was not right;
Unleſs in glens, or mountain tops,
To fight horſemen they had no hopes.
If field they loſt, what could they do,
Nought but their heels could them reſcue;
We'll croſs the Forth, then take the hill
Where horſe can do us little ill;
Thus take the South at any rate,
Arms and money we'll ſurely get:
Then ſhall we be more fit by far,
To fight with men that's learn'd in war.
And that in field open and plain,
The victory they'd ſurely gain;
The mountain road 'tween Forth and Clyde,
Where's glens or bogs on ev'ry ſide,
A famous field, if need there be
We'll fight with more ſecuritie.
Perhaps theſe horſe will not us face,
Becauſe no foot is in the place;

For certain, they'll not fight alone
Without infantry to lead them on.
Then reply'd Stewart of Glenbuck,
" We're them that loup before we look;
" What madness is't for so few, he said,
" To 'ttempt down pulling a crown'd head:
" 'Bout two thousand is our number,
" What can we do, but raise a rumour,
" Though all be-north us could be trusted,
" Yet by the South we will be worsted:
" Without a num'rous aid from France,
" With them we can have little chance.
" A people that's to whiggism bound,
" With life and blood will keep their ground;
" And 'mongst them if we broken be,
" For shelter then, where can we flee?
" We already stand 'tween two fires,
" And yet go South is your desires.
" There's Cope behind, Gard'ner before;
" Beat one of these, I'll say no more.
" Gain but one battle, and then pursue,
" 'Twill raise your fame and army too;
" But still run forward and be chac'd,
" That is no conquest but a jest.
" I'd rather choose to turn about,
" And try our might, this Cope to rout;
" For if the two rejoin, its true,
" We'll find the work more hard to do:
" First break the foot, if that ye may
" The horse then will no longer stay."
At this high speech they took offence,
And charg'd him and his men go hence;
For such a tim'rous soul as he,
Should not go in their companie;

A cow'rd, they ſaid, ſo full of care,
Would fill their troops with dread and fear;
No truſt he had in Providence,
In feats of war could have no chance.
And thus their counſel ends in rage,
Glenbucket's ſchemes they'll not engage,
But call'd him cow'rd and ſhabby names,
Who 'gainſt their eager plan exclaims;
And in the ſtrife they parted ſo,
Glenbucket to his ſleep did go;
But how it happen'd none can tell,
Such accident on him befel:
They were alarmed with a ſhot,
Then found him bleeding on the ſpot;
Into the bed he lay alone,
But friend nor foe, with him was none.
Whether it was dregs of remorſe,
Or thoughtful of the diſmal courſe,
He was engag'd to undergo;
But here he di'd, that's what I know.
His men the body carried home,
And decently did him intomb;
And through diſpleaſure of the act,
Not one of them returned back.
September, on the thirteenth day,
From Down they march'd in good array;
And at the Frew they croſs'd the Forth,
The only paſſage from the North:
Without the help of boat or briggs,
Charles himſelf firſt wet his legs;
Being on the front of all his foot,
For help of horſe there ſought he not;
And on the ſouth bank there he ſtood,
'Till all of them, had paſt'd the flood.

Here for a ſpace they took a reſt,
And had refreſhments of the beſt,
The country round them could afford,
Though many found but empty board;
As ſheep and cattle were drove away,
Yet hungry men ſought for their prey:
Took milk and butter, kirns and cheeſe;
On all kinds of eatables, they ſeize:
And he who could not get a ſhare,
Sprang to the hills like dogs for hare;
There ſhot the ſheep, and made them fall,
Whirl'd off the ſkin and that was all;
Struck up fires and broil'd the fleſh,
With ſalt and pepper, did not faſh;
This did enrage the Cam'ron's chief,
To ſee his men ſo play the thief;
And finding one into the act,
He fir'd and ſhot him through the back;
Then to the reſt himſelf addreſt,
"This is your lot, I do proteſt,
"Who e'er amongſt you wrongs a man,
"Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
"For yet we know not friend or foe,
"Or how all things may chance to go."
And then to arms they order'd were,
On thoughts of Gard'ner's coming there;
But finding that he did decline,
They took the hills on ſome deſign,
Where men on horſe could ſcarcely ſit,
They ſpeil'd the rocks like goat or cat
Out o'er the top, above Red ha'
To th' moor of Touch went one a',
And in that moor lay all that night
Where Stirling caſtle's in their ſight;

About

About three miles ſouth from the town,
Which made Gardner to leave his ground,
Who lay encampt in Stirling park,
And judging they might in the dark
Upon him have ſome rude deſign,
For which his camp he did reſign,
But for Falkirk they march'd away,
And all that night in field they lay,
Between Larbour and Falkirk town,
Then the morrow were eaſtward bound,
Through Lithgow to Edinburgh went,
To meet with Cope was his intent.
When Charlie found that they were fled,
Upon their rear, his front he led,
And near to Stirling marched by,
While the caſtle at him did let fly;
But being too far, and badly ſerv'd,
Nought but terror was obſerv'd;
Which made th' ſtraglers mend their bicker,
And only run a pace the quicker:
Which kept them in from ſeeking plunder,
And cry, "That pe o'er muckle thunder."
So through St Ninians they paſt wi' ſpeed;
To Bannockburn they did proceed,
There on the moor lay down to reſt,
And from their friends got a repaſt,
Of what the country could afford,
As of 'munition they were not ſtor'd;
Neither of bread nor baggage carts,
Got bread and ale to cheer their hearts.
Came crouding in many a hunder
And all to keep them back from plunder;
As hunger will make men to ſteal,
Forſooth they took both broſe and kail,

And when refresh'd, they march'd away
Yet some indeed forgot to pay.
Then through Torwood with speed they past,
To Callender house they came at last,
A little by east Falkirk town
Where store of arms in it they foun',
Whereof they surely stood in need,
Then to Linlithgow did proceed;
Op'ned the pris'n in search of more,
Thinking to seize on Gard'ner's store,
But th' information was but mocks,
For all they found was sacking frocks,
Which troopers use dressing their horse,
This made Hersel to rage and curse,
Saying, "Het, tat soger has been chac'd,
"And left his auld sark in the haste,"
To Borrowst'ness they did advance,
Where powder and lead they found by chance;
To Winceburgh then, they march'd that day
And form'd a camp in regular way,
About eight miles from Edin. west,
Expecting to be 'ttack'd in haste
By horse, cit'zens and city-guard,
Who all for marching were prepar'd,
Thinking upon Corstorphin plain
To give them battle they did intend:
But yet the Achans in the town
Advis'd to lay all arms down,
Then general Guest to the castle went,
Perceiving what was their intent,
With what arms and reg'lars he had,
For nought they should not it invade.
When Charles found how all might be,
He [illegible]

Within two miles weſt from the town:
Then by Slateford took compaſs round,
By the ſouth ſide of Burrow-muir,
Out of the caſtle's ſight and power.
South from the city he camp'd again,
While the ſurrender was made plain.
In the night, September the ſeventeen,
Into the city all marched in;
Which gave to many a ſad ſurpriſe,
Rapping at their doors to make them riſe:
The caſtle then ſtruck round her clear,
None in its ſight there durſt appear.
They fix'd a guard at Weſt-bow-head,
And the Weigh-houſe their Guard-houſe made,
Crowding it full, 'bove and below;
When this the Caſtle came to know,
Their Half-Moon-Cannons 'gan to play:
Like mad-men then they ran away;
But ſuch a *furich* was never there,
As they tumbled headlong down the ſtair:
All in a haſte got out together,
And riding one above another;
Each ſtriving foremoſt for to get
Their naked hips and noſes met.
They centries kept at the Weſt-port,
Which did afford the Caſtle ſport:
As oftentimes they did let fly,
Made many on the ſtreets to lye:
And alſo on the Caſtle-hill,
Sham ſallies did them many kill:
Ev'n for to draw them in the ſnare,
When they return'd, purſu'd they were,
Being unacquaint with ſuch play,
They pop'd them off both night and day.

Then tidings came in from Dumbar,
Of Gen'ral Cope's arrival there
But twenty miles from Ed'nburgh east,
Which made them all take arms in haste.
On the east side of Arthur's seat,
They rendezvouz'd both small and great,
And call'd a council what to do:
For ten miles east they had a view
Of all the the coast to Aberlady,
And so for battle they made all ready.
The Duke of Perth and great Lochiel
They chus'd for ground, that rising fell
West from Tranent, up Brisslie brae
A view both South and North to ha'e.
A few were left on Arthur's seat,
Thinking the king's army to cheat.

CHAP. II.

Battle of Preston-pans. Rebels return to Edinburgh, and behaviour there.

NOW, at Dunbar, both foot and horse
Were join'd again, with full purpose,
The proud Pretender's force to try,
And all the Highland pow'rs defy:
Commanded by Cope and fur'ous Fowke,
Who, alas! their plan had quite mistook;
Though London and Gardner both were there,
They in council had, but little share:
For Cope he challeng'd the sole command,
And Fowke was still at his demand.
A day's march made from Huddington,
Indeed great fatigue, four miles of ground,

Between Cow-canny and Tranent
There Cope encamp'd, to council went,
Loudon and Gardner were of a mind,
That night to fight were well deſign'd:
Cope ſhamm'd it till another day,
In hope 'twould prove a cheaper way:
" Old men and boys, he ſaid, would run,
" Sight of his army would them ſtun,
" A rabble undiſciplin'd to fight,
" They neither have courage nor might:
" This day we've march'd enough, you'll grant,
" T' morrow we'll make the rogues repent."
——With that the Highlanders appear'd,
(While Cope huzza'd, mocked and jeer'd)
On the hill top beweſt Tranent,
All in good order, for battle bent.
Then Cope began to cannonade,
So back behind the hill they fled:
Thought it too hard to face his ſhot,
As 'tween them lay a ditch or moat:
Their Chiefs in council quickly choſe
On the eaſt ſide Cope to encloſe,
South, north and weſt, he was hemm'd in,
No ways but one could at him win.
This was about the hour of two,
When firſt they did each other view.
The afternoon was fair and clear;
Yet Sir John Cope ſtopt all, we hear,
The fields are plain around Tranent,
Beſouth the town grow whins and bent,
Where Charles kept his men ſecure,
Thinking on battle ev'ry hour.
But, Cope to move no man could tweat,
More than he had been Arthur's ſeat,

On which hill side he spy'd some men,
And vow'd they were the Rebel train,
Which was divided in parties two,
And on his rear in ambush drew:
For which that piece of ground he chus'd,
As on all sides it was enclos'd.
So under arms they stood all night,
Till break of day began the fight.
His troops indeed, none can deny,
Were form'd in order gallantly:
The foot into the centre stood,
And cavalry wings covered,
With each battalion was seen
Counter-guards, cannons between.
All night he in this posture stood,
While Charlie in a bushy wood,
A little bewest of Seaton-town,
Picquets and spies went him around,
Lay undiscover'd till break of day,
Then rous'd like lions for their prey,
In full brigades and oval form,
Upon Cope's front came as a storm.
The orders were not for to fire,
Until they came a little nigh'r:
To sham the first fell to the ground,
By which means, few receiv'd a wound:
And ere they gave the other charge,
They on them were with sword and targe.
The furious Cam'rons, led by Lochiel,
With hideous cries, gave such a knell
As frighted both dragoons and horse,
They could not fight, but ride and curse:
And Sir John Cope, for all his might,
Went with the foremost out of sight.

Fawke

NORTH SIDE. Cow-canny Village.

A PLAN of the BATTLE of PRESTON,

EAST SIDE.

SEATON VILLAGE.

The Highland Army all in one Column.

Cow-canny Village.

3 Cannon.

2 Cannon.

GARDNER'S Dragoons.

MONRO'S Dragoons.

The Foot all in one Column.

NORTH SIDE.

The Town of Preston on the Sea-side.

Any that fled, got through this Open.

The Thorn-tree, where Gardner fell.

A great DITCH below TRANENT.

SOUTH SIDE.

The Park-dyke to which they were driven back.

Colonel Gardner's House.

WEST SIDE.

Fierce

Fierce Fowke, brave Hume and Loudon both,
For to be ta'en that day were loth,
Few of the horſemen ſtood at all,
Woe to their conduct! worſt of all;
For thoſe who on the right wing ſtood,
A whole battalion over rode,
That kept the rear *Corps de garde*
Quite over them they headlong tread.
One thing they knew, they were inclos'd,
And where to flee, was not diſpos'd:
They always ſought the way they came,
Though in their face were ſword and flame:
So when they got down to the ſea,
Took eaſt the coaſt moſt furiouſlie:
And ſome through Preſton vennal fled,
Then weſt by Muſſelburgh they raid,
Up to the hills above Dalkeith,
O'er Sutrae hill, then out of ſkaith,
In ſuch a panic, 'twas a ſhame,
Ran thirty miles, even to Cauldſtream,
And there to reſt they would not yet;
But unto Berwick, next morning ſet,
Where all the fugitives did meet,
And Sir John Cope his cheeks did weet;
Becauſe they ſwore he had ſold them,
To fight nor flee he ne'er told them.
The poor foot, left here, paid for all,
Not in fair battle, with powder and ball;
But horrid ſwords, of dreadful length,
So faſt came on, with ſpite and ſtrength,
Lochaber axes, and ruſty ſcythes,
Durks and daggers prick'd their thighs:
Fix'd bay'nets had but little ſhare
With the long ſhanked weapons there:

Although

Although they kept together faſt,
Their en'mies cloſe upon them preſt;
And back to back long did they ſtand,
Till loſt was many a head and hand.
Then after Gardner's party's beat,
The whole of's horſemen clean defeat,
Himſelf on foot rejoic'd to ſee
The brave lads fight ſo valiantly,
With no commander on their head,
To join that party ſwift he gade:
Although ſome wounds he'd got before,
To loſe the field his heart was ſore.
Then all around he was inclos'd
Behind, before, fiercely oppos'd,
With ſword in hand he hew'd his way,
While blood in ſtreams did from him fly.
Ere him down on the field they got,
His head was clove, his body ſhot,
And being ſep'rate from the reſt,
The battle fore upon him preſt,
Ev'n after he lay on the ground,
No mercy was unto him ſhown,
I mean by the rude vulgar core,
Yet gentlemen lamented ſore;
Becauſe he would no quarter have,
While they endeavour'd 's life to ſave.
One man he had, who by him ſtaid,
Until he on the field was laid,
And then fled to the Meadow-mill,
Where he acquainted was right well,
Thence in diſguiſe return'd again,
And bore him off, from 'mongſt the ſlain.
His ſtately dwelling was near by;
But now he could not lift an eye,

His ſpeech was laid, all hopes were gone
No ſigns of life, except a groan.
Of hours he liv'd but very few,
" A good Chriſti'n and ſoldi'r too,"
This character he's left behind
Military men there's few of's kind.
The poor foot, on field, I can't forget,
Who now were caught as in a net,
From 'bove Cow-caney to Preſton-dyke,
About a mile or near the like,
They were beat backward by the clans,
Along the crofts 'bove Preſton-pans,
Till the high dyke held them again,
Where many taken were and ſlain;
Although they did for quarters cry,
The vulgar clans made this reply,
" Quarters! you curſt ſoldiers, mad,
" It is o'er ſoon to go to bed."
Had not their officers and chiefs
Sprung in, and begg'd for their reliefs,
They had not left one living there:
For in a deſp'rate rage they were,
'Cauſe many clans were hack'd and ſlain;
Yet of their loſs they let not ken:
For by the ſhot fell not a few,
And many with bay'nets piercèd thro'.
'Bove three hundred lay on the field,
Fifteen hundred were forc'd to yield,
The reſt with Cope got clear away.
And ſo ended this bloody fray,
Since call'd the battle of Preſton-pans,
Fought by John Cope and Charlie's clans,
September the twenty firſt day,
Below Tranent a little way:

From Gladſmoor church two miles and more,
The place old Rhymer told long before,
" That between Seaton and the ſea,
" A dreadful morning there ſhould be,
" Meet in the morning lighted by the moon,
" The lion his wound here, heal ſhall not ſoon.
In Thomas' book of this you'll read,
Mention'd by both Merlin and Bead "

Now, the field tents and warlike ſtore
And cannons, which they'd not before,
All fell into the conq'rers hand,
Of arms many a hundred ſtand.

To Edinburgh then he did return,
His great triumph made many mourn.
Through Lothian then it was the way,
Whoſe man ye was ye durſt not ſay,
Nor to what ſide you'd wiſh good ſpeed:
So critical were times indeed.
To Holyrood-houſe great Charles then,
Went in with all his noblemen,
Being low out of the caſtle's view
There to him flocked not a few,
Who were in dread to come before;
But now they thought the conqueſt o'er,
Rich preſents were unto him ſent,
And much time in gallanting ſpent.
His army here ſtrove to recruit,
Large collections were contribute,
Taxes, ceſs, and all king's dues,
His orders no man durſt refuſe.
The whole country and neighbouring towns
Obediently ſent in their pounds:
Horſes and carts they did provide,
And men likewiſe theſe carts to guide.

Yet when of all he was prepar'd,
Another hardſhip was declar'd,
As they were 'bout to leave the land,
Six weeks ceſs before the hand,
They gave a charge for all to pay
Who dealt into the malting-way,
Forthwith to raiſe this contribution
On pain of military execution.

This did the brewers exaſp'rate;
But to anſwer they knew not what.
An honeſt Quaker brew'd good ale,
Who never wanted a ready tale,
To him the brewers did apply,
For his good counſel what to ſay:
After that he had heard them ſpeak,
"Your ſpeech, ſays he, does make me ſick,
"By Yea and Nay, I think it's fit,
"To keep our money and pay with wit,
"Though he's noble born, I do not lo'e him;
"Yet ne'ertheleſs I will go to him:
"Were he all the earthly into one ſkin,
"He's but a lump of duſt and ſin,
"If I regard the face of clay,
"To morrow be my burry'ng day:
"He's ſenc'd around with men and ſwords,
"Which I'll repel with ſimple words."

This honeſt quaker took his way,
And call'd for Charles without delay,
I am a man who want to ſee him;
Becauſe I have ſome bus'neſs wi' him.
Said one, You muſt tell that to me,
By Yea and Nay, Thou art not he,
The tidings which I have to tell
Concerneth none but Charles himſelf,

And

And if he'll not permit me in,
My mouth I'll shut and not begin;
Then at the door he entrance gat;
Yet neither mov'd his hand or hat,
Says—"Charles, man what dost thou mean?
"Thou sure art not this country's friend,
"Thou'rt worse than all that came before thee,
"And will make the country quite abhor thee,
"Thou'rt worse than George for all his rents,
"He ne'er before hand charg'd his rents;
"But gave six weeks to scrape it in;
"Thou can'st not whether we lose or win,
"We may die, ere six weeks be past,
"Look what thou do'st, run not too fast."
Charles replies, "A strait we're on;
"But 'gainst your wills, it sha'n't be done."
Then thank thee kindly for thy grant,
And off he came as mild's a saint.

CHAP. III.

Their March into England. Taking of Carlisle. Route through England and retreat back.

THEN, taking leave of Edinr, they
Unto Darkieth all march'd away;
First of November camped there,
And then for England did prepare,
Short time they in that camp did stay,
Till South they went the nearest way,
At Kelso town they past the Tweed,
And west the Border went with speed:
By Jedburgh and through Liddisdale,
They spread themselves out far and wide.

And some by Moffat took their route;
Although it was some miles about,
In this order they march'd along,
Only about sev'n thousand strong.
Chief in command was duke of Perth,
And lord George Murray of noble birth;
Lord Elcho son to the earl of Wemyss,
Col'nel of the life-guard it seems;
The earl Kilmarnock, in this cause,
Commanded those they call'd *Hussars*:
Lord Pitsligo gen'ral of the horse,
With lords Nairn and Ogilvie there was;
Bold Balmarino and brave Dundee
MacDonald th' aid de' camp was he:
Sheridan too, and Sullivan,
By birth an Irish gentleman;
The squire of Broughton his secret keeper,
Who got the name of *basom-viper*:
Besides the worthy brave Lochiel
Other Chiefs I have not room to tell.

At the English border they did unite,
All in a body their troops compleat,
Near Canabie in Liddisdale
They entr'd Cumberland in hail.
Then did assault the fort Carlisle,
Which did hold out but little while,
Having friends within and round about,
Long to resist they seem'd unstout.
The town and castle both they got
Call'd England's KEY, an useful spot.
At Carlisle he did leave a band
The town and fort for to command,
From thence to Penrith did proceed,
And then for Derby march'd with speed:

To

To Lancaſter they came indeed,
Which news put England in great dread:
To Proud-Preſton and Mancheſter
They ſtill advanc'd without fear,
Being join'd by none of Engliſh train,
But five hundred Lancaſter men,
Which to him was of ſmall effect;
For hard marching made them to ake,
And miſs'd their dinner many a day,
Made them, repenting, ſigh and ſay
" Woe worth the Scots; for they can feed
" On drinking water and eating bread:
" Their irony ſoles do never tire
" On ſtony ground, dub or mire.
" Beef or pudding they never mind;
" Them Scots can live on *ſnuffing wind.*
" For me, my belly clings to my back,
" Since I have join'd this helliſh pack.
" If in this ſtate all ſoldiers be,
" The dev'l be ſoldi'r again for me."
—To ſuch hard feets thus driven were
Poor hungry Toms, of Lancaſhire:
For in all haſte they marched up,
At Mancheſter they made a ſtop:
Here his faithful Clans perceiv'd and ſaw,
That Engliſh vows were nought at a';
Some kind enough; but no way friendly:
Only through terror they acted mannly,
Said the Scots Chiefs, " We blinded be,
" That's come far from our own countrie.
" As friends, indeed, ſome Engliſh own us;
" But if once defeat, they'd ſet upon us.
" France and England, by perjurie,
" Will be our ruin, we clearly ſee.

" They've

" They've charm'd us out as working tools,
" Now use us as a band of fools,
" England to Whiggism is inclin'd,
" And with the Georgian house combin'd;
" They cry, *Oppression*, from high to low:
" Yet *Redeeming time* they do not know.
" 'Gainst Acts and Tax on ev'ry trade:
" They're all bewitch'd, and we're mislead
" Here in a trap betwixt two fires,
" And what we'll do counsel requires.
" The Duke before and Wade behind,
" And where now shelter can we find?"
When Charles, hearing all this said,
With heart full sore he answer made,
" My Lords and Gentlemen (said he)
" Our case is bad, I plainly see;
" But all's not lost that's in a peril,
" Kind providence can ease the quarrel.
" Both French and English have betray'd us;
" But I trust a better hand will guide us:
" On Preston field you all well ken,
" We found the English there but men.
" I trust in field they're no more here,
" Though thrice our number should appear:
" Could we pass the Duke without a blow,
" And with all speed to London go,
" Our friends there would so well assist,
" That en'mies were of small request.
" That stalward Duke's so fierce and keen,
" Were he defeat, 'twould end the scene,
" And give aspects another face,
" Which we can't do in such a case:
" For if here defeat, then all is lost;
" Battle avoid we surely must.

" I trust

" I truſt the French to come by ſea;
" But where can their invaſion be?
" If at ſea indeed they have been check'd
" It damps our hope; but does not wreck it,
" Then let's puſh on and do our beſt:
" Kind Providence make out the reſt!"
Then proclaiming his father there,
As done in ev'ry town elſewhere,
In form, all market towns he paſt,
To Staffordſhire he came at laſt;
Where the Duke's army lay, fore him
Well prepar'd for to devour him.
He here to fight had no deſire,
Took eaſt the muirs for Derbyſhire,
Directed his rout by th' town of Leek,
Left Cumberland to claw his cheek;
Kept ſouth by eaſt to Derby town,
In full career for London boun';
But there receiv'd intelligence,
His friends to riſe had now no chance,
The Georgian party was ſo ſtrong,
And mixt in each place them among,
No aſſembling could be together,
Nor word of French ſhips coming hither,
The ſouth coaſt all was guarded round,
An Engliſh fleet cruis'd up and down;
And through each county in the ſouth lands
Militia ſwarm'd, like locuſt bands.
Theſe tidings put him in great fear,
But for to flee, he knew not where.
They all in council did agree,
Backward for Scotland then to flee.
This did the vulgar ſore chagreen,
To plunder London that were keen.

When

When Cumberland perceived this,
He form'd a plan was not amiss,
To intercept 'em in Lancashire:
But how he miss'd you may admire.
Wade on the north, was marching to him,
The Duke behind, did still pursue him.
One Oglethorpe upon his right,
With a thousand hunters all in sight:
Yet he, still his way did keep,
Through Derby town and Ashburn peak;
Which towns indeed both trade proceeding,
Were badly paid for what was needing,
When they perceiv'd their flight was back,
Quite contrary was their kind act,
And all the praise they got before,
They now were savages and more.
December the fourth, they turn'd about,
Out of England to take their route,
At Derby town they staid two nights,
To get in superscription writes
Form'd by an English party there,
Which made that town and county bare,
And furnish at an easy price
A vast of things for their supplies.
When to Manchester back they came,
Their usage there was much the same:
And for their using them that way,
Two thousand Sterling were made t' pay,
To save the plund'ring of the town;
Paid when the kingdom was his own.
So north they came to Wigan then,
Next day they did Proud Preston gain,
The Duke behind him but a day,
Ride as they will, he kept his way.

And

And could not gain a mile upon 'em
Tho' ſtoutly hors'd, they did outrun 'em.
From Preſton on the thirteenth day,
Early at morn he march'd away.
No ſooner had they quit theſe towns,
Than Oglethorpe with Wade's dragoons
Enter'd juſt at the other end,
To give him chaſe they did intend;
But being fatigu'd, choſe reſt a while
In three days they march'd a hundred mile,
Through ice and hills cover'd with ſnow,
Acroſs Yorkſhire as they did go,
With full intent to intercept him
And at proud Preſton thought to kep him.
They had no footmen here, its true,
But royal hunters not a few,
Who were ſo keen in battle rage,
On foot they offer'd to engage,
Being zealous youths of gentle fame,
Who, by fighting, thought to gain a name.
And as they were to march again,
A falſe alarm gave them pain,
That French invaded had the South,
Which paſſed for a certain truth:
Such tidings from duke William came,
Who actually believ'd the ſame,
And ſtopt his forces for a day,
Till Charles was got out of the way.
And orders ſent to Oglethorpe
To come to him with all his troop:
As ſoon as he the Duke had join'd,
The news prov'd ſuch as *Jocks* had coin'd.
Then Oglethorpe he got command,
To go in chace of Charlie's band,

And

A PLAN of the BATTLE of CLIFTON-MUIR.

NORTH SIDE.

EAST SIDE.

A Party behind the Village at the Quaker's House.

The Duke's Army three Miles behind.

Bland's Dragoons, Hussars and Light-horse, on the High-way between two Hedges.

The other Party in Ambush unseen, who gave them a close Fire through the Hedges.

WEST SIDE.

SOUTH SIDE.

And

And, if poſſible, get before him,
While he behind would ſoon devour him.
But, on the fifteenth, I underſtand,
Charles reach'd Kendal in Weſtmoreland,
Now thinking that the chace was over,
Slacked his march; but did diſcover
The Engliſh bloody flag behind,
And colours waving in the wind.
To range their rear they were not ſlow,
But the front of this did not know,
At the village Cliſton in Weſtmoreland,
They prudently pitch'd out a ſtand,
At a Quaker's houſe ſtood near the way,
Which rous'd his ſp'rit 'bove Yea and Nay:
Behind the hedges, walls and lones,
Where unperceiv'd they ſtood as ſtones.
The eighteenth day of dark December,
In forty five, you'll this remember,
After the ſetting of the ſun,
Juſt as black night was coming on,
The King's dragoons and Kingſton's horſe
Came prancing up, at unawares
A volley ſhot out thro' the hedge,
Full on their flank did them engage,
Which in confuſion did them throw,
And through the hedge they could not go.
Brave gen'ral Bland commanded here
Who quickly caus'd his troops retire;
For had they more ſuch volleys got,
Few had returned from the ſpot.
Young Honeywood was wounded ſore,
The Duke, enrag'd, then highly ſwore
That he'd revenged be that night,
Or die before the morning light:

Yet counſell'd was for to deſiſt;
For ambuſcades were hard to truſt.
So the purſuit he did delay,
Till near about the break of day:
Brave men and horſe lay on the field,
Tho' both the ſides did flee and yield:
Yet this check Charles' end did gain,
For he that night wou'd been o'erta'en:
Lord Elcho and Murray form'd that plan,
And did the party here command,
Not without loſs, I truly ſay;
On both ſides dead and wounded lay.
Few Highlanders did come to blows,
Till thro' the hedge ſome horſemen goes,
And did engage with ſword and hand;
But made nought of it with the Clan,
Who did come on in numbers thick,
And horſe and men did hough and prick.
'Bout twenty five lay on the field,
And thirty wounded fled for bield,
With gen'ral Bland they rode away
Toward the Duke, who heard the fray
And came the battle to renew;
But in the dark it would not do.
Of Highlanders, as I heard ſay,
But fourteen on the field there lay.
George Hamilton of Stewart's reg'ment,
As priſoner he did conſent,
After a ſtout reſiſtance made,
And deeply wounded in the head,
Cut by an Auſtrian huſſar
Who ſerv'd the Duke during this war.
Then from the field they fled in haſte,
And to Penrith at midnight paſt,

Where

Where the main body was come before,
Which ſpread the alarm more and more;
Dreading th' Engliſh did yet purſue,
Then all out of the town they flew.
Good for Penrith it happen'd ſo,
Or next morn had been, a day of wo:
They vow'd in aſhes it to lay
For what they'd done the other day
To thoſe who plunder'd Lowther-hall,
And Penrith guards did on them fall
Beat and broke them, and ſome ſlew,
And ſome they into priſon threw:
The reſt into Carliſle did run,
As from that fortreſs they had come,
The while that Charles was in the South,
Wanting ſomething to taſte their mouth,
A forraging they came about,
Only a ſmall band in a ſcout,
And Penrith guards upon them fell
So Charles by chance of it heard tell:
Perth vow'd revenge, in dreadful ire,
A recompenſe with ſword and fire;
But when ſuch hurry on them came,
They minded nought but up and ran.
As one behind another did ſtand,
He cries, *Furich tere be Cumberland.*
Dark was the night and rough the way,
Carliſle they reach'd by break of day:
There's ſixteen miles between theſe towns,
But the weak and weari'd, left in wounds,
Were all catched on the next day,
By their fierce foes coming that way,
About an hundred men or more,
And badly us'd you may be ſure.

Being into loathsome jails confin'd
But poorly kept and badly din'd.
The Duke to Penrith came next day,
On the twentieth at Hasket lay,
Being then within twelve short mile
Of the strong fortress of Carlisle.
And hearing the Scots were safely there,
To follow hard he took no care;
Upon his rear thought fit to rest,
And counsel call'd to do what's best.
On the twenty second they marched on,
And finding that the Scots were gone,
All but a few who did pretend,
The town and castle to defend,
Who there were left, I understan',
By sole advice of Sullivan,
(Of Irish birth although he be)
The cowardliest of th'company.
Unlike was he to Blakeney's blood;
For Irish men are soldiers good,
Will fight for what they take in hand,
Abroad or yet in native land.
This Sullivan he did pretend,
They would the English so suspend,
That they should come no further north
Till Scots had join'd their friends on Forth.
And Hamilton from Aberdeen.
To guard the place appear'd so keen;
Had they stood out but four a day,
As open to the north it lay,
Which was Perth, Murray and Ekbo's plan,
In it they need not lost a man,
They might at ev'ning issued out,
And ev'ry one been out of doubt:

Through

Through boaſted courage and hot zeal,
For a month, ſaid, they would not fail,
Cannon, powder and wealth of balls,
Very ſtrong gates and ſtately walls:
As in deſpair, they did pretend,
It to the laſt they would defend.
Lancaſhire reg'ment chus'd there to 'bide,
For to keep the ſort were not afraid:
The Engliſh gate of iron and oak,
For fear with cannon it ſhould be broke
They built it up with ſtones within,
And ſwore the de'il ſhould not come in;
Unleſs that he got wings to fly,
And all by oaths would do or die.
This being done, Charles and his men,
For Scotland marched back again,
By the Langtown on Eſk's ſide,
The water ſwoln, not by the tide;
But a mighty current from the hills
Made all to ſtop againſt their wills.
And then to fly they knew not where,
North, South and Weſt, incloſed were.
And though Carliſle lay on their rear,
They knew not but the Engliſh were
Hard behind them on the purſuit,
By only going ſix miles about
To a bridge lies near Brampton town,
And on the north ſide to come down,
Whereof they had great fear and dread;
Which put them to this deſp'rate deed,
The fords they tried which were too ſtrong,
Horſe of more ſtrength and legs more long
They would require at ſuch a place,
And there no ſlay great danger was.

They chus'd a swamp above a ford,
And in they plung'd with one accord,
The horse went first and swim'd half thro',
Foot at their tails they forward drew,
Who hung together with arms a-cleek,
Tho' flood went over head and cheek:
And those who were of Stature low,
Hard was their lot in wading so,
Their powder, clothes and arms wet,
This was the bath these poor men gat.
Not one shot was preserved dry,
But these that did on horseback ly:
They in the water plung'd so fast,
That many lost their grips at last,
And tumbling, went off with the stream
Down went their heads up came their wame:
Though people stood on ev'ry shore,
Alas! their lives were now no more.
Both men and women were wash'd away,
Into the firth of Solloway.
And some at Bownes were cast out
At Annan-foot and thereabout.

To Gretna, and Annan they march away,
Thence to Dumfries on the next day,
And charg'd a ransom on that town,
Or else to plunder't they were bound:
Two thousand Sterling made them pay,
And carried hostages away
When cash failed them, to the North
To join their friends upon the Forth.

CHAP. IV.

Retaking of Carliſle by Cumberland. His return to London. Battle of Inverurie. The Rebels march from Dumfries by Glaſgow to Stirling.

DECEMBER, on the twenty two,
The Engliſh round Gaſtliſle they drew.
On ſouth-weſt ſide fix'd on a plaed
Which oppoſite the caſtle was.
The Duke all round it took a view,
And of the caſtle had no brow,
It ſeem'd to him like a dung-hill,
Or like a German old brick-kiln:
But yet their cannon play'd right ſmart,
Which caus'd them from the walls depart.
To capit'late the terms they crav'd
Were, *T' march with honour, away to leave't.*
The Duke reply'd, "That is a due
"Ne'er given to any rebel crew:
"But ne'ertheleſs take it I ſhall,
"Either with honour or not at all."
Then in the dark time of the night,
He caus'd lay down, to cloud their ſight,
Loads of ſtraw and ricks of hay,
There digg'd a trench of turf and clay:
But batt'ring cannon he had none,
But ſmall field guns to mount thereon:
Till from Whitehav'n, thirty miles away
Drove heavy cannon on it to lay.
As ſoon as they began to fire,
They beat the walls as low as mire,

And

And made a breach both broad and wide,
In the caſtle wall, on the weſt ſide;
To enter there, began to form,
And take the fort by bloody ſtorm.
No quarters they propos'd to give,
Put all to death, not one to live;
When this they ſaw, without all doubt,
A flag for mercy they hung out;
But all that could obtained be,
Was priſ'ners at the King's mercy.
From thence they were to London ſent,
Where heads and hearts were from them rent;
Some executed in that place,
And members daſh'd into their face,
Their very hearts cut out alive,
Such butch'ry's horrid to deſcrive.
Many of the commons baniſh'd were
To plantations, I know not where,
John Hamilton the governor,
His head, from off his body ſhore,
Fix'd on a pole on the Scots-port,
Scots for the future to exhort;
By viewing the ſpectacles were theſe,
Againſt rebellion to have a care.
Two Lancaſhire mens heads alſo,
On th' Engliſh gate fixt as a ſhow,
Whom they did Engliſh rebels call,
A proof Scots are not rebels all;
I only ſhow there's part of both,
And for their fate, I ſay, "Oh, hogh!"
A dreadful ſight for human eyes,
Yet to behold ſuch ſacrifice
'Mong Chriſtian people, as I think,
At what I've ſeen my heart does ſhrink.

When

When I view the place and on it ponder,
The bloody butch'ry that's been yonder,
I mean in the ſtreets of Carliſle,
The mangling that was there a while;
Of ſuch like acts I'll ſay no more,
But follow the ſubject juſt before.

The Duke forthwith to London went,
And gen'ral Hawley to Scotland ſent,
Who round by Berwick took his rout,
Near a full hundred miles about,
Ev'n by Newcaſtle and Dunbar,
It muſt be own'd the ſtretch was far,
Before he came to Edinburgh town,
Fatigu'd were both foot and dragoon.

While Charles did through England paſs,
Lord Loudon lay at Inverneſs,
And with him did two thouſand men
To keep in awe the highland Clan:
For ſeveral lairds their clans did raiſe,
And ſome took part in both the ways;
Others kept them in their own bounds,
For preſervation of their grounds,
And when duke William gain'd the day,
It was for him, they then did ſay;
But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail
Some think they'd told another tale.
Yet Loudon to king George was true,
And by his conduct did ſubdue
Many who were as foes inclin'd,
And kept them in a neutral mind.
The Frazer's clan he drove away,
Who around Fort Auguſtus lay,
Commanded by lord Lovat's ſon,
He made them flee that Fort to ſhun.

Lord

Lord Lewis Gordon lay from him south,
With lord John Drummond, a furious youth,
And brother to the Duke of Perth,
Who wish'd London sent off the earth,
And under their command, it seems,
Was the French regiment de Fitz James,
With clans rais'd on the northern shore,
About three thousand men or more,
Kept Aberdeen, Perth and Dundee,
And all the low towns by the sea:
The fierce MacLeod lay west from them,
Who on George's side had rais'd his men,
Intending to take Aberdeen,
Knowing that Gordon lay therein,
He as far as Inverurie came,
In hopes next day to reach the same;
But Gordon of this was aware,
And for to meet him did prepare,
But march'd his men another way,
As tho' he would not on him stay.
West from the road he took his route,
Altho' it was some miles about,
Kept hollow ways not to be seen,
Where woods and planting did him screen,
And 'bout the setting of the sun,
He spy'd them entering the town,
A halt he made, judg'd what to do,
Of's being there they nothing knew.
Much like his own their number seem'd,
Then for to fight, it best he deem'd:
And what favour'd his notion more,
He saw them billoting, a score
Or more into each country town,
At two miles distance all arounnd.

When

When the full half of them were gone,
He thought it time then to draw on,
In full brigade at the town's end,
Before MacLeod ought of him *kend:*
The first intelligence some got
Was by the rattling of the shot.
Confus'd he was in this sad case
His men dispers'd, and few to face
The foes assault, upon the hill
He rallied them near to the mill.
They fir'd full brisk on ev'ry side;
Yet Gordon's force was hard to *bide,*
They being to arms bred in France,
Knew how to retreat and advance.
MacLeod's men, in number few,
Quite raw and undisciplin'd too,
Lost near twenty upon the spot,
And forty fled gall'd by the shot.
The Laird himself, to end the matter,
Did fly and could not make it better.
His men in crouds came running in,
Crying, *Master did ye loss or win?*
But for to rally in such a *flour,*
He had no time, might, or power:
The darksome night was coming on,
And his best men lay dead and gone,
Or wounded, they before him fled:
While Gordon brisk advancing made,
Whose loss that night was not heard tell,
Alledging that none of them fell:
He gain'd the field and town, 'tis true;
But yet 'twas judg'd he lost a few,
Whom they did bury in the night,
To keep their losses out of sight.

This

This bloody battle, as they say,
Was fought the night before *Yule* day,
At the end of Inverurie town,
Led on by Gordon and Drummond,
Againſt MacLeod and all his clan,
Who did not well concert the plan:
Spreading his men ſo fat a *breed*,
Was nothing like a martial deed:
For the one half they overthrew,
Before the other ought on't knew.
It was a trick of war ye *ken*
For making them more wife again;
No ſooner Gordon got the town,
Then centries plac'd were all aroun',
Who kept patrolling through the night,
Leſt MacLeod ſhou'd renew the fight;
But to the hills he did proceed,
There to bewail his luckleſs deed.
Gordon return'd to Aberdeen
Rejoicing he'd victorious been,
From thence to Stirling got his route,
To join his Prince when thereabout.
When from Dumfries they came away,
Hamilton they reach'd on the next day;
Knowing no danger then before them,
They levied all things fit to ſtore them,
As horſe, of which they had great need,
Many of them being rode to dead.
Of meat and drink they ſpier'd no price;
But little harm did otherwiſe,
Save changing ſhoes when brogues were ſpent,
For victuals ſure they could not want.
To Glaſgow they came the next day,
In a very poor forlorn way,

The

The ſhot was rulled in the gun,
Their ſwords from ſcabbards would not twin,
Their count'nance fierce as a wild bear
Out o'er their eyes hang down their hair,
Their very thighs red tanned quite;
But yet as nimble as they'd been white;
Their beards were turned black and brown,
The like was ne'er ſeen in that town,
Some of them did barefooted run,
Minded no mire nor ſtony groun';
But when ſhav'n, dreſt and cloth'd again
They turn'd to be like other men.
Eight days they did in Glaſgow reſt,
Until they were all cloth'd and dreſt:
And tho' they on the beſt o't fed,
The town they under tribute laid,
Ten thouſand Sterling made it pay,
For being of the Georgian way,
Given in goods and ready caſh,
Or elſe to ſtand a plund'ring laſh:
And 'cauſe they did Militia raile,
They were eſteem'd as mortal faes:
For being oppos'd to *Jacobites*,
They plainly call'd them *Whiggonites*.
But, for peace ſake, to get them clear,
Of ev'ry thing they furniſh'd were,
A printing preſs and two workmen
To print their journals as they ran.
From Glaſgow then they took their route,
Lochiel he led his clan about
By Cumbernauld, another way,
Leſt Kir'ntilloch they ſhould repay;
Which had killed two of their clan,
That a ſpulzieing unto it came:

As they were paſſing thro' the town,
They by the rabble were knock'd down,
For which the place was taxed ſore,
And dreaded much 'twould ſuffer more.
Near Stirling then, they all did meet,
Summon'd the town for to ſubmit,
Militia therein were quarter'd,
And the townsmen alſo, armed,
Who did defend a day or two;
But found their force it would not do:
Tho' a good wall, both ſtout and ſtrong,
Lay on the ſouth where they came on;
Yet 'tween the water and the town
It lay quite open, half way roun'.
The bridge was cut on the ſouth ſide,
The water deep they cou'd not wade:
Their neareſt paſs was at the Frew,
Full four miles weſt and in their view.
Four thouſand lay on the north ſide,
Threatning the town whate'er betide.
Glaſgow militia had left the place,
And to meet Hawley at Ed'nbro' was.
Militia they had; but not enow,
Such duty was too hard to do.
Thoſe who did ly on the north hand,
Were not of thoſe were in England;
But with lord Lewis Gordon came,
Brother to th' Duke of that ſame name,
Which he had raiſed in the north,
Help'd by lord John, brother to Perth,
Who did command Fitz-James's horſe,
That came from France into Montroſe:
Moſt of their riders Iriſh and Scots,
Nat'rally bent to join ſuch plots,

Inclin'd

Inclin'd to love the Stewart race,
Whoſe fathers did that ſide embrace.
Theſe foreſaid Lords moſt active were,
Both men and money to prepare,
And would have rais'd ſome thouſands more,
Had but ſix thouſand French come o'er,
Which, time from time, they promiſed;
But the ſeas were too well guarded.
Lord Loudon lay into the north,
Long way beyond the Murray firth,
Twenty ſev'n hundred men had he,
Which made the Frazer's clan to flee,
When Fort Auguſtus they did beſiege;
Yet in open field would not engage.
Likewiſe MacLeods, Grants and Monroe's
Againſt the Stewarts in arms roſe:
The Sutherlands and name of Gnn,
To arms did againſt them run.
Sir Duncan Forbes, lord preſident,
Caus'd many riſe by his conſent.
Thus, in the north, I you aſſure,
There was an army of great pow'r,
All upon the Georgian ſide,
Beſide what was beſouth the Clyde,
Who all in arms there did unite
Unto the cauſe with noble ſp'rit.
Alſo the brave men of Argyle,
Who were preparing all this while;
But could not find ſafe paſſage eaſt,
Until they were from Glaſgow paſt:
And then they went by Airdrie town,
When Hawley was thro' Lothian come,
Him join'd at Ed'nburgh where they lay
Preparing for the battle day:

Glasgow and Paisley troops were there
To serve king George free volunteer.

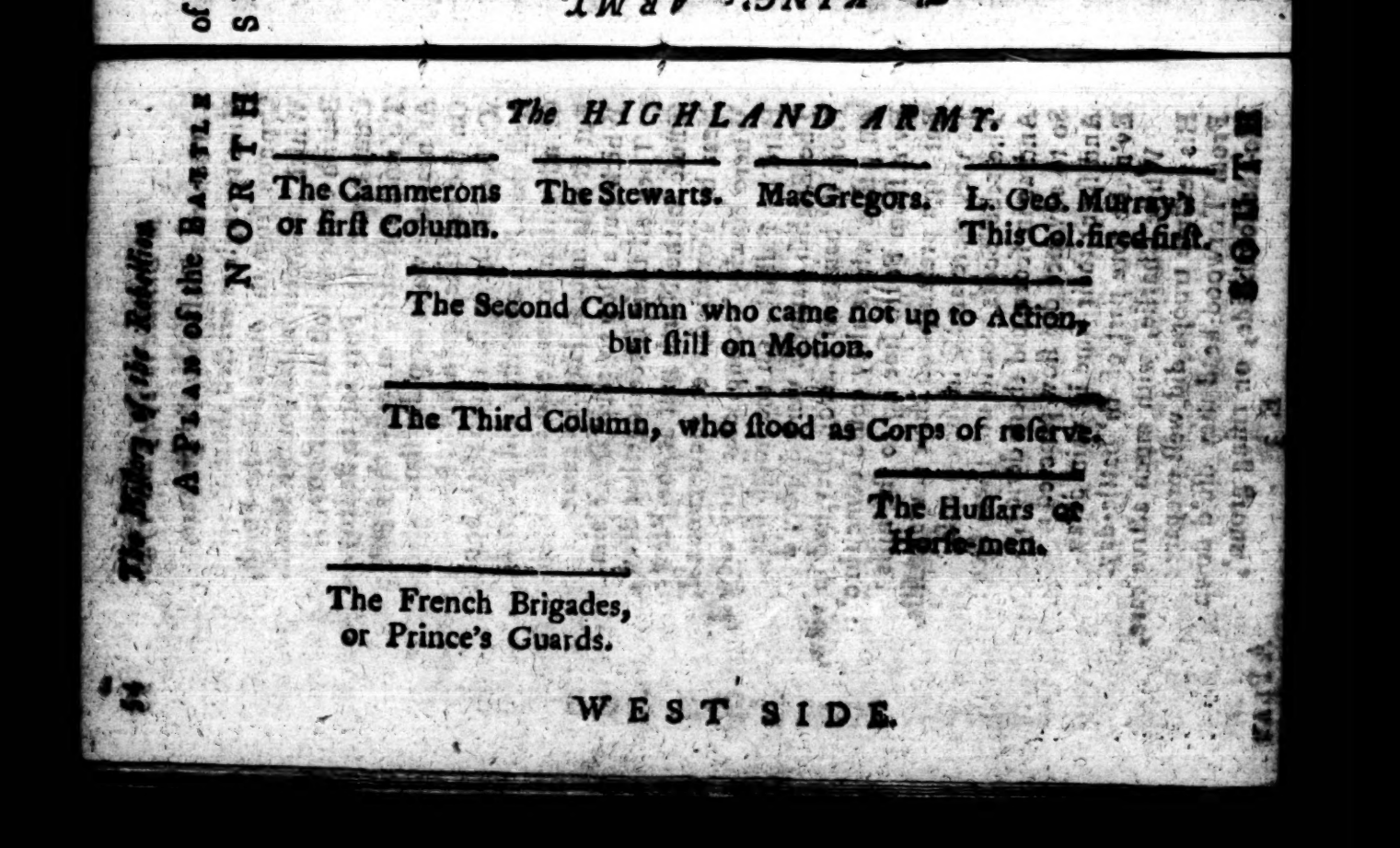
CHAP. V.

Siege of Stirling Castle. Battle of Falkirk.

NOW as Charles around Stirling lay,
To surrender they did give way,
All but brave Blakney, who withdrew
Into the Castle, with those thought true,
Who chose with him the siege to stand
To their life's end, with sword in hand.
His stores, indeed, were ill laid in,
S' unexpected it did begin,
No time had they for to provide,
Charles being so long on their south side.
Their ammunition too was small,
No stock of powder, nor yet of ball;
Yet all encouragement he gave
To those who'd help the Fort to save:
His endeavours he spared not
To find such stores as could be got:
And all he thought of use to be,
Were welcome to his companie:
And those who fearful were to stay
Freely got leave to go away:
Th' unloyal he charg'd not to 'tend it;
For to the last he would defend it.
Summons he got for to surrender;
But answer made, "He was defender,
"Intrusted by king George command,
"To which, he vow'd, he'd firmly stand."

Then

Then to aſſault they did prepare,
Milit'ry engines erected there,
Cannon from th' other ſide the Forth,
Which had been landed in the North.
Britiſh cannons loſt at Font'noy,
Came home this Fort for to deſtroy.
To raiſe a trench, in haſte they got,
As near the walls as piſtol ſhot,
On the eaſt ſide, on a hill top.
To breach the wall it was their hope:
And then by ſtorm they did pretend,
Of all within to make an end:
But at this inſtant Hawley came,
Which put a ſtop to their fierce aim.
Then all their force together drew,
Thoſe in the North paſt at the Frew:
Near by Torwood they rendezvouz'd,
Where Hawley's camp, afar they view'd,
Hard by Falkirk, on the north ſide,
The Engliſh banners were diſplay'd
From th' banks of Carron they had in view,
All paſſes where they could come thro':
Ev'n from Forth ſide up to the hills;
But high preſumption their courage fills,
As they were arm'd in ſuch a caſe
The rebel Scots would not them face:
And as in ſcorn did them deride,
So to advance did ſlow proceed:
And ſpent their time in vain delay
Ev'n the fore part of th' battle-day.
While Charlie, with much active care,
His reſolute troops did well prepare:
From Torwood-head they iſſu'd down
To the ſouth ſide, on riſing groun',


The History of the Rebellion
A Plan of the Battle
NORTH
The HIGHLAND ARMY.
The Cammerons or first Column.
The Stewarts.
MacGregors.
L. Geo. Murray's This Col. fired first.
The Second Column who came not up to Action, but still on Motion.
The Third Column, who stood as Corps of reserve.
The Hussars or Horse-men.
The French Brigades, or Prince's Guards.
WEST SIDE.

of FALKIRK MUIR.

SIDE.

Cob's Dragoons.

Gardner and Monro's Dr.

Glasgow and Paisl. Militia.

Scots Royal.

G. Huske's Columns.

Argyle Militia formed below the Hill to cover the retreat.

Falkirk Town.

3 Regiments marching up the Hill

EAST SIDE.

The KING's ARMY.

SIDE.

Croſs'd Carron at Dunnipace mill,
By the foot of Bonny took th' hill,
And ſtill he kept a ſharp look-out,
In hopes that Hawley would take th' route;
As in his camp ſure news he had
From's out-guard poſts who there had fled.
Mean time the Highlanders gain'd th' hill,
Wind on their back juſt at their will.
Hawley's camp it was alarmed;
But he himſelf could not be had:
Chief orders then they could get none,
Which cauſed ſome confuſion,
And when that Hawley did appear,
He'd not believe they were ſo near.
Huſk form'd his men and took the hill,
The horſemen alſo march'd there-till,
Glaſgow and Paiſley volunteers,
Eager to fight, it ſo appears,
With the dragoons advanc'd in form,
Who 'mong the firſt did feel the ſtorm.
The Highlanders, ſeeing their zeal,
Their Highland vengeance pour'd like hail,
On red-coats they ſome pity had;
But 'gainſt Militia were raging mad.
Cob's dragoons ſouthmoſt ſtood;
But gain a flank they never cou'd:
For Murray led on the front line,
And kept them from both flank and wind:
Some time was ſpent theſe points to gain;
But all the ſtruggle prov'd in vain.
Gardner's and Monroe's were next,
On worſe ground troopers could not fix;
I don't mean as to th' en'mies fire;
But on their front a boggie mire,
Which

Which in th' attack the horſe confounded,
And they on all ſides were ſurrounded;
Next to them the volunteers,
Between the foot and grenadiers,
Some reg'ments coming up the hill,
And as they came, they formed ſtill.

The Highlanders in columns three,
Came moving on couragiouſlie,
With loud huzza's on every ſide,
Their bloody banners were diſplay'd;
The front line only three men deep,
They in reſerve the reſt did keep;
Their plaids in heaps were left behind,
Light to run if need they find:
And on they came with a good will,
At the *dog-trot*, adown the hill.
At Cob's dragoons the firſt rank fir'd;
But rear and centre were deſir'd
To keep their fire, and then to pour
Into their face, while front in *ſcour'd*
With ſword in hand, (as they intended)
This was deſign'd them to defend it.
So near their front at flight they came,
Then turned back both horſe and man,
They kept up fire then, crack by crack,
They ſurely found it on their back;
For men and horſe to field they brang,
And many in their ſaddles ſwang.

The brave Monroe, with his troops too,
Diſdain'd to flee; but went quite thro'
Their front line, centre, and the rear;
But fell himſelf, as he came near,
Two balls out thro' his body ran,
Alas! he never roſe again.

He

He was a ſoldier, bold and true,
Rather too fierce as ſome avow,
His whole troop now was in the mire,
Incloſ'd about with ſword and fire,
Hacking, ſlaſhing, behind, before 'em,
All enrag'd for to devour them:
Th' horſes legs to their bellies was,
Few with life from 'mong them paſs.
By this the horſe were fairly beat,
And thoſe were left made full retreat;
But oh! ſuch wind and rain aroſe,
As if all conſpir'd for Hawley's foes.
The ſouthſide being fairly won,
They fac'd north, as all had been done,
Where next ſtood, to bide the bruſh,
The volunteers, who zealous
Kept firing cloſe, till near ſurrounded,
And by the flying horſe confounded:
They ſuffer'd ſore into this place,
No Highlander pity'd their caſe——
You curs'd Militia, they did ſwear,
What a devil did bring you here?
Ligonier's, Huſks, and Cholmondelly,
Gave from them many a dreadful volley,
Two running fires, from end to end,
Which broad ſwords could no way defend;
But ſeeing ſo many run and fall,
They thought they were in danger all,
And for their ſafety to prepare,
In haſte they form'd the hollow-ſquare:
The horſemen being all fled or ſlain,
The very LOYAL fled like men.
Some reg'ments marching up the hill,
To turn again, had right good will.

Brave

Brave col'nel JACK, being then a boy,
His warlike genius did employ,
He form'd his men at the hill foot,
Which was approv'd as noble wit:
But if Huſk had not cheek'd their fury,
Some thouſands more had been to bury,
He beat them fair quite out of ſight,
But O! the rain and blowy night,
Horſe or cannon, there, he had none,
He could not keep the field alone,
Some cannon which on th' field there was,
Being ſpik'd up with iron flaws,
And render'd uſeleſs for that time,
The hole being ſtopt whereat they prime,
Barrel's grenadiers to ſome yok'd too
And eaſtward to Falkirk them drew:
Yet all their toil no effect had,
Their drivers and the horſe were fled,
The cannon, for ſome time, were loſt
The chance of war ſo *rul'd the roaſt.*
Huſk in form made ſafe retreat,
Where all were flying, the other gate
Out from the camp, the Lithgow way,
He form'd the Buffs behind to ſtay,
In truſt, to cover the retreat,
Which was nought but a pannick fright:
For had they kept their camp, I'm ſure,
The Clans wou'd ſoon have left the Muir;
For there was but few who kept th' field,
Many diſpers'd to ſeek for bield.
No ſooner the battle was begun
Than on both ſides the cow'rdly run;
And thro' the country word was ſpread,
How George had won, and Charles fled:

Ev'n

Ev'n Charles himself could hardly tell,
That very night how it befel;
But the abandoning their camp
Confirmed all, and made them ramp,
It is well known by all about,
The battle was not half fought out:——
But to run, O shame! and leave your tents,
Like brok'n tennants with unpaid rents!
The dread of Highlandmen to consider!
And not two hundred of them together;
But all dispers'd the country thro',
Afraid of them, and they of you!
For had they known th' English retreating,
'Hind, PRESTALLAN had been a beating.
This was the step which Hawley took,
Which ruin'd all, else I mistook.
The duke of Perth laught in his sleeve,
And Charles himself could scarce believe,
That Hawley was turn'd such a cow,
As flee when none was to pursue.
When those about heard of the flight,
They came and took the town that night:
Both town and camp left to their will,
As Hawley march'd on eastward still,
To Lithgow and Borrowstonness,
And some to Edinburgh did pass,
There gave it out, "That all was lost,
"Few left alive of Hawley's host,
"Charles was driving all before him,
"The very *wind* and *rain* fought for him."
On Janu'ry sixteenth, afternoon,
This battle was fought; but never won:
But on the *spot* both great and small
Upto Falkirk assembled all,

To

To view the field and bury the ſlain;
But which was which, was ill to *ken*:
For by their clothes no man could tell,
They ſtripped were as faſt's they fell.
The plund'ring wives, and ſavage boy
Did many wounded men deſtroy;
With durks and *ſkians* they fell a ſticking,
For which they well deſerv'd a kicking:
Some of the brutiſh commons too,
I ſaw them run the wounded thro'!

The brave Monroe his corpſe was there,
Among the ſlain and ſtripped bare:
In Falkirk yard, you'll read his name
Interr'd hard by Sir John the Grahame.

All who Militia were ſuſpected,
To catch that day was not neglected,
And hundreds more, I you aſſure,
Who came to ſee their Falkirk-muir,
Ev'n for ſuch curioſity
Were brought into much miſery,
Being driven north to Inverneſs,
Their cold and hunger I can't expreſs:
Thoſe who felt it, beſt can tell
I leave them to expreſs't themſel.

An accident happ'ned next day
T' one Glengarie on the Street-way,
A man in plunder got a gun,
Two balls from which he had new drawn,
Judging in it there was no more,
Yet another ſhe had in ſtore.
Out at a window did her lay,
Dreading no harm he did let fly,
Which kill'd Glengary as he paſt,
Dead on the ſtreet it laid him faſt.

They seiz'd the fellow and did hang him,
Would give no time to judge or hang him;
But with guns and swords upon him drave
Which made him minch-meat for the grave.
For Stirling then they march'd again,
With prisoners and all their train:
To Blakney new summons were given
For to surrender, or be driven
Unto death, by fire and sword;
Just now to yield——or trust the word,
That they would make that fort his grave,
And not a soul therein would save.
But Blakney said, The fort was his,
And each within aminded was,
To stand the last extremitie:
Take this for answer now from me,
"When my King and Master gives me word,
"You will have it without stroke of sword."
Then with fury began the siege,
Both day and night they did engage:
On the east side upon a height,
Open'd a batt'ry in the night,
Of wooden faggots fill'd with mud:
Upon a rock the trench it stood,
To dig it deep it would not do,
At last they purchas'd packs of woo,
For which Perth's Duke gave his own bill,
Smith may protest it when he will,
For Perth and Blakney both are gone,
And I trow, it was paid by none.
The country 'round they did compel
Faggots to make and trees to fell.
The one built up, th'other beat down,
Their noise was heard the country round.

Indeed

Indeed *herſell* was loth to do it;
But on pain of death *ſhe* was put to't.
French engineers indeed they had,
Who order'd all to work like mad.
Here many poor men loſt their life,
Being unaccuſtom'd to ſuch ſtrife,
Crying, *Shentlemen, ye'd beſt let be;*
For ſeth weſe hae a mends of ye,
If we had up our muckle dyke
We'll tak your Caſtle whan we like.
Theſe engineers, who knew far better,
Out of their lives did ſtill them flatter,
At ev'ry point where danger was,
They made the poor unthoughtfu' paſs:
Which only did prolong the time,
To murder men they thought no crime;
For well they knew it would not do,
With ſuch batt'ries of mud and woo:
Unleſs they made a cover'd way
Dug in the earth, thro' ſand or clay.
Ten days they wrought with all their pow'r,
And men they loſt on't ev'ry hour,
Night and day there was no reſt,
And Blakney always had the beſt.
The fort being high above their trench,
To ſee their work it was no pinch,
Dunghil-like on a rock 'twas laid:
In form of a potatoe-bed.
With tow and tar when it was dark
He let them ſee to do their wark,
Which as a lamp burnt on their trench,
Caus'd many die who thought to quench't.
They ſkirmiſh'd on, both night and day,
With cannons and ſmall arms did play:

Four big guns were brought up at laſt;
But ſoon were off their carriage caſt,
Their very muzzles were beaten in,
And off their wheels they made them ſpin.
One called Fyſe, on Blakney's ſide,
At ev'ry ſhot he laid their pride,
Experienc'd by hand and eye,
A perfect gunner, by land and ſea;
But the worſt thing which did enſue,
Of cannon balls they had but few,
Which caus'd them fire with coals and ſtones,
Or ought was fit for ſmaſhing bones:
For of the balls he was but ſparing,
Unleſs to give ſome hearty *fairing*.
An engineer, who plagu'd him ſadly,
Whereat he was enraged madly,
By his upbraiding ſpeech and mocks,
As he'd been more than other folks,
Some did believe he had a charm,
As 'gainſt a ſhot he'd wag his arm,
Fyſe try'd with ball, iron and ſtones,
Then curs'd his *cantraips*, ſkin and bones;
He was ſome dev'l as all did miſs him,
Said he, I'll find a way to bliſs him,
Having drunk ſome beer, bottles were by,
With glaſs, methinks, this devil I'll try:
When broken ſmall, he cramm'd them in,
"I truſt, with this, to pierce thy ſkin,"
Then play'd it off with all his art,
Which minch'd him quite above the heart,
So down he fell, ſpoke never more;
Soon after this the ſiege gave o'er.
The cannons all off carriage driv'n
And trenches with the mocks made ev'n.

Then

Then to all thoſe who went to ſee,
Like potatoe field it ſeem'd to be,
Many dead bodies in't were found,
White noſes ſticking thro' the ground.
All being o'er, ſince it began,
Brave Blakney loſt only one man;
Six were wounded, 'tis very true;
But poor John Fyſe got not his due
Recompence, equal to his merit;
For which the poor lad broke his ſpirit,
And went again back to the ſea,
Got a wat'ry tomb, as they tell me.
He was but a Scot, and meanly born,
Had no good ſpeakers, Scots then at ſcorn.
Now, to ev'ry body, 'tis a wonder,
How that ſo many liv'd on plunder:
For between Falkirk and Kippen ay
It is but ſixteen miles of way,
Which ſpace maintain'd ten thouſand more
Than th' uſual number within each door,
For full four weeks, or near thereby,
The time they at the ſiege did ly.
The happy Janet kept the Forth
And curb'd all veſſels from the north.
About the Queens-ferry ſhe lay,
Came with the tides, and gave them play
Up by Airth and Higgins nook,
Where was a batt'ry prov'd a mock.
They thought to keep Forth to themſell;
But what it coſt there's few can tell:
For all th' ſhipping they had at ſea,
Did not exceed in number three,
Which kept about Perth and Montroſe,
And privily to France did croſs.

So all round Stirling where they lay,
Oft did they wish they were away.
Commands they sent all round about,
And searched all provisions out.
Some of them paid like honest men,
Others did not, I tell you plain:
But this I have so far to say,
They duely got their weekly pay;
But yet when plunder came in use,
They spared neither duck nor goose,
Butter, cheese, beef or mutton,
All was theirs that could be gotten,
Pocks of meal, hens and *cockies*,
They made that country bare of *chuckies*,
Made many a *Coulin whinge* and *girn*,
By *crowdie* of her meal and *kirn*:
All this they did before their eyes,
Guidwife cum sup here an ye please,
I own indeed it was a failing;
But yet I cannot call it stealing:
Because some folks refus'd to sell:
How long now cou'd ye fast yourself?
For the hungry came, chas'd out the fu',
Where meat was found, this was their due.

CHAP. VI.

The Duke's return. His Speech to the Army. March to Stirling. Explosion of St Ninians Church.

NOW when the news to London went,
Gues ye if George was well content,
At Hawley's being so defeat,
And making such a foul retreat.

On

On Friday's night the deed was done,
This was on Sunday afternoon.
The council's call'd, and in all haste,
The Duke again they did requeſt
To go, and take the whole command,
For to reduce that Highland band
That ſo diſturbed BRITONS peace,
Which was accepted by his Grace.
All things prepar'd for poſting ways,
He on the road was near ſix days.
To Ed'nburgh town he came at laſt,
Which gave their ſp'rits a quickning blaſt.
The troops review'd and brought together,
All for the field he did conſider,
The Glaſgow and the Paiſley Core
He order'd home, knowing of more,
Six thouſand Heſſians beſide dragoons
Were entring in the Scottiſh boun's,
On preſſing march towards the north,
Expecting battle, ſouth ſide of Forth.

The DUKES *Speech to his Army at Edinburgh, January 30th. 1746.*

" NOW, Gentlemen, hear this of me,
" You're th' ſoldi'rs of a people free,
" Not like the poor ſtarv'd ſlaves in France,
" Bound to a Popiſh ordinance.
" I know there's many of you here
" Who've ſhown your merit, that I can ſwear;
" Others, perhaps, ne'er had occaſion
" To ſhow your valour in foreign nation,
" Yet think yourſelves as good as they,
" I doubt not but part of you may;

" Tho'

" Tho' native soil you've yet possest,
" In foreign land no foes have fac'd,
" You descend from men, as well as they,
" Who never turn'd their backs to fly:
" I hope you're now resolv'd to fight
" All for your King and country's Right,
" 'Gainst their rebellious resolution,
" Who're for turning order to confusion,
" A set of plunderers and thieves,
" Which in ev'ry age disturbs and grieves:
" Ay, learn'd from their fathers they are,
" In troublous times to raise up war:
" Boasting themselves, in bawling words,
" To do great actions with broad swords:
" I think they'll prove to be small stops,
" In front of well disciplin'd troops.
" Stand and behold them in the face,
" And use your points in such a case.
" If you don't fly and break your line,
" By swords you can no danger find;
" But when you turn your backs to fly,
" You throw honour and life away;
" You murder by this means yourself,
" And foes encourage to excel.
" Think on Tournay and Fontenoy,
" Fear not this Rabble, who wou'd destroy
" All that's good, if they had power.
" May heav'n protect us in battle hour!
" Remember you're for a right cause,
" Against subverters of the laws."

From Ed'nburgh town they march'd away
To Lithgow came that very day,
The Campbells on front also this night
Retook Falkirk, and put to flight

Part

Part of the Highland troops were there,
Who ſtraight for Stirling did repair;
But orders met them by the road,
That night to ſtop at the Torwood:
Becauſe againſt the morning light,
Their army would be there on ſight.
They council call'd at Bannockburn,
Where all agreed for to return
And fight the Duke, whate'er betide,
But his Lowland men would not 'bide:
Thoſe Nor'landers ſwore by their *ſaul*
That Cumberland would kill them all.
But the Highlanders made this reply,
That for their Prince they'd fight and die,
Where'er he went, they'd with him go
And face the Duke, tho' ten for two.
So then to morrow by break of day,
The Northern men march'd all away:
And yet the Clans they were ſo kind
As offer to fight if he inclin'd.
But all agreed to take the route,
More of the Clans for to recruit:
Then all of them took to their heels,
Kept no high road; but croſs'd the fields,
The neareſt way unto the Frew,
For otherwiſe it would not do,
Stirling Militia the bridge had cut,
And on the water there was no boat,
But what was broken or haul'd away,
To keep the Forth when north they lay.
Their cannon and baggage, all forſaken,
Lay round Stirling and ſoon was taken.
Their magazine of powder and ball,
Falkirk plunder, tents and all,

Were

Were ſtor'd up in St Ninians church,
An engineer enter'd the porch,
On purpoſe for to lay a train;
But too much haſte did him atten'.
He broke one barrel, as they ſay,
Began the powder for to ſtray
All along upon the floor,
Without the threſhold of the door.
Some people in the kirk there was,
The love of plunder was the cauſe,
The engineer backward did run,
And at the powder fir'd his gun;
Himſelf he thought quite ſecure too;
But to the air with it he flew.
Other eight perſons there were ſlain,
And one blown up, but fell again,
So ſenſeleſs that he was thought dead,
As he lay on a midden-head.
He fell firſt on a thatched houſe,
Next on a midden with a *ſouſe*:
His clothes and hair were really ſing'd,
Sat on the midden, curs'd and whing'd,
So ſtupid drove, knew not the cauſe
But own'd his mercy in ſuch ſa's.
But others were in pieces torn,
And from the church a long way born;——
One ſafe before the pulpit lay,
When all above was blown away:
This roar did him ſo ſtupid drive,
He knew not whether dead or alive:
In flames and ſmoak he was benighted,
And own'd that he was fairly frighted.
Charles and his court from a hill top
Stood and beheld the cataſtrop';

Then

Then to the north they march'd away
Unto St Johnſton upon Tay.
This great exploſion, I heard ſay,
Was heard full forty miles away.
Duke Will'am at Lithgow heard th' crack
And cry'd, "Now Blakney's gone to wreck,"
Not knowing what the meaning was,
Till in Falkirk he heard the cauſe,
How all of them had croſs'd the Forth
Quite o'er the hills into the north.
The Campbells, and ſome troops of horſe,
That night arriv'd at Stirling croſs,
Who came harraſſing the retreat,
And pick'd ſome ſtraglers by the *gate*:
Blakney alſo ſallied out,
And catch'd ſome ſtrollers thereabout.
Many of them were ſo miſchiev'd,
It ſhocked nature to perceive't,
Legs and arms ſhot clean awa',
And ſome wanting the nether-jaw;
Some were out of the trenches drawn,
Being bury'd alive 'midſt the ſan'.
The Campbells kept upon the chace,
And pickt 'em up in many a place.
Some cannon were found near the Frew,
Their horſe, being weak, could not go thro'.
Much baggage left and ſeveral things,
With a Printing-preſs called the king's,
Which back to Stirling was return'd,
While Charles, by Grief, to Perth adjourn'd.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Duke's arrival at Stirling. The Rebels Retreat, and the Route both Armies took to the North.

SOON after William to Stirling came,
With all his troops, a warlike ban*:
Reg'ments of foot, there were fourteen,
Sixteen field pieces of brass, full clean:
Kingston's, Cobham's, and Ker's dragoons,
The trusty Campbells, all chosen ones,
With Hawley, Husk, likewise Mordaunt,
Brave Ligonier he could not want,
With Cholmondely, bred soldiers all,
For battle, ready at any call.
One day his march was here suspended,
The broken bridge for to get mended,
O'er which the foot were safely past,
And all the carriages at last.
The horsemen forded Forth at Drip,
Then to Dumblain they marched up.
While the army into Stirling lay,
They catched one they call'd a spy,
Whom Hawley, by some uncouth laws,
Condemn'd for carrying Charles' pass,
Likewise another from the Duke,
Which made him more like traitor look,
Hawley seiz'd them, and with an oath
Swore, he should be depriv'd of both:
Go, said he, and get a rope,
And take the dog and hing him up,
Which was no sooner said than done,
As soon's the hangman could be foun',

With-

Without confeſſion, or clergy's ſtamp,
Was like a dog hung to a lamp.
Next day the Duke went to Dumblane,
Campbells and th' horſe had Crief reta'en,
Here the Highlanders did divide,
Some took the hills, ſome water-ſide;
The highland road by bridge of Tay,
Or by Dundee, the ſea-ſide way,
The horſe and French brigades did chuſe;
And the Highland roads did refuſe,
So kept their route north by Montroſe,
While th' others climb'd o'er hills and moſs:
Short time they took in Perth to tarry,
All the ſtores they could not carry,
They threw into the river Tay,
With cannon they could not take 'way,
Thirteen of iron they ſpiked up
And ſwivels of the Hazard ſloop,
Which was taken off Johns-haven,
By help of that town's fiſher-men.
Argyle militia and the horſe
To Perth ſtraight came; but did not croſs
The river Tay for to purſue,
Till the whole army came in view.
Some would have a party take the hill,
But to this the Duke deny'd his will,
And kept his march down by Dundee,
Thro' towns that lay hard by the ſea
Toward the town called Montroſe,
And great reſentment there he ſhows:
All the ſuſpect' did apprehend,
And ſouth to Stirling did them ſend,
Where they're detain'd cloſe priſoner,
'Till 'bout the ending of the ſtir;

Many of them were innocent,
As afterwards was truely *kent*,
If 'twas not for their thought and wish:
For few durſt ſay whoſe man he was
Who lived into ſuch a clime,
And in ſuch a critical time.
Thence he unto Johns-haven ſent,
As being upon vengeance bent
For taking of the Hazard-ſloop,
And burnt their boats both *ſloop and roop*.
Two off'cers here he alſo broke,
For their good will to Charlie's folk,
The one's ſaſh was in pieces cut,
And quite out of the army put,
His ſword was broke above his head;
Becauſe he unto Charlie fled.
The other, becauſe he ſtopt the plunder
Of th' houſe of Gaſk, being ſent under
Strict command, to do ſuch duty;
But kept his party from the booty,
For which he got's commiſſion torn,
Himſelf depos'd with ſhame and ſcorn.
From thence they march'd to Aberdeen,
Where a ſtorm of ſnow and froſt full *keen*,
Which on the mountains ſome time lay,
Caus'd them into that town to ſtay.
Heſſe's band in Perth then quarter'd was,
And at Dunkeld keeped the paſs.
The remains of Gardner's broke dragoons
Kept Blair in Athol, and ſuch towns:
Theſe horſemen twice had ſuffer'd ſore,
Here, by ſurpriſe, they ſuffer'd more;
As they next to the Highlands lay,
They *ſkelped* at them night and day:

Being

Being ſtation'd in this outmoſt paſs,
They bore the *brunt* of all diſtreſs;
But the Heſſians kept about Dunkeld,
And did into more ſafety dwell.
Theſe Heſſians were a warlike band,
Six thouſand did their Prince command,
Earl Crawford in their company,
To guide them thro' the Scots country.
Their countenance was awful fierce,
They ſpoke High-Dutch or German Earſe,
Had white buff-belts and all blue clothes,
With a long beard beneath their noſe,
And thoſe who were in wedlock ſtate,
Had all long whiſkers, like the cat.
Their ſpatterdaſhes with pick were guilt,
And long ſwords with a brazen hilt,
Bars on the outſide of the hand,
And in their guns an iron wand.
The fineſt muſic e'er you did hear
Would make one dance who could not ſtir,
Their whiſtles and drums in chorus join
To cheer one's heart, they play'd ſo fine:
Their grenadiers had caps of braſs;
Thus order'd were the men of Heſſe,
Who camp'd for ſome time near Dunkeld,
And kept that paſs, till they heard tell
How at Culloden all were broke,
And they had never fought a ſtroke,
Except one canonading bout;
The clans afar came on a ſcout
To view their camp from a hill top
Who ſoon retir'd when they drew up:
Whene'er their cannon began to play,
They ſkipt like rams and ran away.

Describ'd the Hessians ev'n as they can,
Said, "He was a blue and bloody man,
"His drums and guns pe ready, got
"Herself pe rin, or else pe shot."

CHAP. VIII.

Blowing up the Castle of Cargarf by the Earl of Ancram. Skirmishes at Keith and Inverness, &c.

NOW while the Duke lay at Aberdeen,
From England did his troops maintain,
Brought in his Rents by the sea,
And laid no straits on that country,
From thence the earl of Ancram went,
One hundred horse were with him sent,
Major Morris with three hundred foot,
Near to the head of Don they got,
To take the castle of Cargarf,
But ere they came all were run off,
Wherein was a large magazine
Of ammunition, and arms clean,
Which did become the Earl's prey;
But could not get it born away,
No horse he could get to employ,
Most of the spoil he did destroy,
'Bout thirty barrels of powder there,
Made soon that fort fly in the air,
And so return'd to Aberdeen,
Long forty miles there were between.
Next Col'nel Stuart of Charlie's band,
At Strathbogie he did command

One

One thouſand foot, beſide Huſſars,
Who kept that country round as theirs:
Againſt him were ſent on command
The generals Mordaunt and Bland;
But to Stra'bogie as they drew near,
Stuart did into Keith retire.
Then captain Holden with volunteers
Follow'd in chaſe, as it appears,
Seventy Campbells by Bland were ſent,
And thirty Kingſton's horſe too went
To clear the village of Keith while light
And to Stra'bogie return that night:
But their preſumption ran ſo high,
They ventur'd there that night to lye,
When Stuart return'd with ſecret pains,
Enter'd the town at both the ends,
And ſet upon them unawares,
Till few were left of men and horſe:
Their loſs was this, you may conſider,
Becauſe they were not got together.
The Campbells ſold their lives like men,
And of the horſemen left were ten.
This did the Highland men revive,
And rais'd their ſp'rits for more miſchief,
And to the Duke's men gave a caution,
Where to quarter on like occaſion.
His army in three diviſions lay,
The firſt at Strathbogie, they ſay,
Second at Old-Meldrum, half-way between
Strathbogie town and Aberdeen,
The laſt at Aberdeen ſtill lay,
Until April on the eighth day.
Whilſt Charles muſt the mountains keep,
Among the goats, cows and ſheep,

His army sure was sorely spent,
Ere into Inverness he went,
Having nought but deserts by the way,
Want of meat and scant of pay.
Rivan of Badenoch they took,
And laid it flat on every nuik.
To Inverness when they drew near,
Lord Loudon did from it retire,
Having but sixteen hundred men
All newly rais'd, could not preten'
To face them fairly in open field:
Therefore, Retreat was safest bield.
Two companies he left behind,
The fort to major Grant resign'd,
To defend it to extremitie
Strict orders, thus to do or die.
But no sooner did Charles' troops appear,
Than soldiers hearts did quake for fear,
And being threaten'd with a siege,
They durst not stand their spiteful rage.
So town and castle became his own,
The fort was levell'd with the groun'.
Lord Loudon fled but little way,
The firth of Murray between them lay,
Perth and Cromartie play'd a *brogue*,
Assisted by a hazie fog,
Unexpectedly sallying over,
Upon them fell, and would not hover
Till many they in pieces cut,
Some officers they pris'ners got:
As before them they could not stand,
Being fore'd to flee from Sutherland.
Another party at castle of Blair,
Had beat the Duke's detachment there;

This

This gave the king's army some pain,
And rais'd their Highland blood again.
Fort Augustus too they did attack,
And in short time beat it to wreck:
Three companies of Guise' therein,
'Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin:
Major Wentworth did here command,
Who had not force them to withstand.
None stood but Fort William now,
And it in haste they sieged too.
A large detachment chosen was;
Of artillery the best he has,
Commanded by brave Stapleton,
A French brig'dier of great renown.
On the third of March at Glenavis,
Which opposite Fort-William is,
The first attack began at sea,
Betwixt the Baltimore and he,
A sloop then lying at Fort-William,
Into the straits of Carrion,
Stapleton seizing of their boat,
Thought t' master them with num'rous shot:
The Serpent-sloop, captain Askew
Caus'd man his boat, with other two,
And soon were masters of Carrion,
Where put to flight was Stapleton.
Their next 'ttempt was Kilmadie barns,
Where many shot were thro' the *horns*:
Yet the Baltimore she could not stand it,
Nor could their troops at all get landed:
For shells and cannons play'd so fast,
Their engineer they kill'd at last.
The Baltimore she could not take it,
Forc'd to sheer off and so forsake it.

Some

Some prisoners of Guise's men,
In this hurry did liberty gain,
During the time the parties fir'd,
Took to their heels and so retir'd,
And got safe to the garrison,
Without the reach of Stapleton.
Now for some time they stopped were,
Thro' loss of their chief engineer,
And ere another fill'd his place,
The garrison had their wall in case,
Their bastions raised seven feet high,
Ere the besiegers did draw nigh.
It was on March the twenti'th day,
Their battery began to play,
From a hill top, call'd sugar-loaf,
Eight hundred yards, or thereby off:
Their shots fell weak and came too short,
Some fell before they reach'd the fort:
Cohorns, bombs and a twelve pounder
In vain at such a distance thunder.
Finding their batt'ry was too far,
They erect another half way nigh'r;
But being in a hollower place,
It did not alter much the case,
Except the cohorns and some bombs
Broke some roofs, beat down two *lums*;
Three men indeed they did disable,
And kill'd a poor horse in a stable.
Stapleton a French *Tombour* sent,
Beating a Parley, on he went:
The captain ask'd for what he came?
He said, From gen'ral Stapleton,
To you, Sir Governor, with this letter,
Its to surrender, You can't do better.

Then

Then to your Gen'ral this answer give,
" No letters from rebels I'll receive,
" I shall do better, and him defy,
" Ev'n to the last extremity."
The drummer return'd to Stapleton,
O then a fierce bombard went on,
For several hours on either side,
At last the garrison laid their pride,
By tearing their chief batterys,
Flat with the ground they made it lye,
And many buried were therein,
Besides the wounded that did run;
The people within the garrison,
Without the houses keeped none,
For being wounded with the hate,
During the hurry of this scene,
The rest behind the rampart stood,
And so were free from wounds and blood.
Thus in a rage, before they ceas'd,
Near two hundred royal were fir'd,
And sixteen cannons, 'gainst the fore,
As afterwards they did espare,
Yet did no harm was worth a fig,
But a poor soldier lost his leg.
And on the morrow when day appeard,
The garrison their trenches clear'd,
Then for a day they let them *forth*,
Another batt'ry to erect,
Nearer the Fort one hundred yard
At which no labour there was spar'd.
At this time, a party sallied out
To bring provision in, no doubt,
Who spar'd no bullock, sheep or cow,
Some prisoners they in brought too

From

From the laird of Apin's estate,
Burnt every house came in their *geat*,
And those who did resistance shew,
They made no stop to run them thro'.
Their ships came in with meal and bread
So to hold out they had no dread.
Now when the last batt'ry was rais'd,
To fire again they soon practis'd;
The garrison too began a fresh,
And soon their batt'ry down did thresh.
At last their powder store took fire,
Which dash'd the gunners here and there.
The garrison perceiv'd the ease,
And took advantage in short space,
Twelve men out of each companie,
Then sallied out courageouslie,
And set upon them without dread,
Till many on the place lay dead,
One serjeant of the Caulpbells slain
The rest victorious turn'd again,
Into the fort with them they drew
Three brazen cannons and mortars two,
Spik'd up the rest but only five,
At which they could not get a *drive*:
Yet timely retreat safety procur'd,
Or with numbers they'd been o'erpowr'd.
Stapleton did yet again direct
Another batt'ry there to make;
But at that time came an express
Furthwith to march for Inverness.
Thus on the third day of April,
From the third of March a dreary while,
They left their cannon and took the route
But never more came there about.

Now

Now another party prince Charles had
At the caſtle of Blair, proſper'd as bad,
Under lord George Murray's command,
Who took this doughty deed in hand,
For to conquer this caſtle of Blair:
The duke of Athol oft liv'd there,
Who was upon the Georgian ſide,
And had the Stewarts of aid deny'd.
The garriſon therein was few,
Commanded by Andrew Agnew,
An old Scots Worthy, I well may ſay,
No better ſoldier was in's day.
He could do more by wiles and ſlight,
Than thoſe who were five hundred wight;
He did defend them in ſuch ways,
The ſiege prolong'd for ſev'ral days.
Till word reach'd the camp at Dunkeld
How with Sir Andrew it befel.
Earl Crawford with the Heſſian men,
Two troops of horſe to him did ſen';
In all great haſte they march'd away;
But Murray got other fiſh to fry:
For he receiv'd a hot expreſs,
Furthwith to come to Inverneſs,
That very day that Stapleton
Left the ſiege of Fort-William.

All parties of the Chevalier
Did to their head quarters draw near,
By which Sir Andrew relief had,
And made this ſiege a fair blockade.

Here the wheel it turn'd, I trow,
And luck to Charles bad adieu:
Its oft misfortunes come together,
Or after one miſchief another.

His men half mad for want of pay,
Had little to eat, what's worſe, I ſay?
Being hemm'd in on ev'ry ſide,
Among the hills and muirs ſo wide.
On the Hazard ſloop they did depen',
Which went to France for money and men:
As back and fore ſhe oft did go,
Her name's chang'd to Prince Charles' Snow;
On her return, unluckilie,
Met with the Sheerneſs ſloop, at ſea,
Commanded by captain O'Brian
With whom ſhe fought; but did not gain
The day, nor yet could get away;
But was chac'd into Tongue-bay,
Where ſhe upon the ſhallows ran,
And in the fight loſt many a man.
O'Brian, enrag'd, ſtill kept the ſea;
But mann'd his boats right haſtilie,
For fifty leagues they gave her chace,
And forc'd them to land in this place;
Into the country of lord Rea,
From whence they no relief could ha'e.
His lordſhips houſe it was near by,
Juſt then was there, captain Mackay
My lord's Son, with Henry Monroe,
Lord Charles Gordon was there alſo,
Captain MacLeod a truſty han',
And fourſcore of lord Lowdon's men,
Who had fled there from Inverneſs:
When Perth had put them in diſtreſs,
And as the crew came to the land,
As priſ'ners they're compell'd to ſtand,
One hundred men and fifty ſix
As priſoners they here did fix,

Soldiers,

Soldiers, ſailors and gentlemen,
War-officers from France and Spain,
Who were to join Charles the Prince;
But bold O'Brian did them convince,
That ſuch a thing was not to be:
To Aberdeen the whole ſent he,
With the crew of a French priv'teer
Who off the Orkney's cruiſing were.
Beſides the arms found in her hold,
Thirteen thouſand *guineas* of gold,
Brave O'Brian thus carry'd away
On March the five and twinti'th day.
This was bad luck for Charles too:
For wanting money what could he do,
They had no meal, mution or beef,
Of cheeſe and butter no relief:
The cry among them, night and day,
Was, *Give me money, meat or pay.*

CHAP. IX.

King's Army paſs the Spey. Battle of Culloden. Defeat of the Rebels, &c.

UPON the eight day of April,
When air and ſeaſon ſweet did ſmile,
Duke William then began to move,
The time and ſeaſon to improve:
Towards the Spey he did approach,
By wary ſteps and eaſy voy'ge;
His fleet on ſea no faſter ſteer'd,
Than he upon the land appear'd,

Until they reach'd the banks of Spey:
On the north side great Charles lay,
To keep the fords was their intent;
But see'ng the cannon, durst not resent,
Planted to cover the only pass,
Where the safe passage unto them was:
So in all haste they *scour'd* away,
And let them freely pass the Spey.
Argyle's men and lord Kingston's horse,
Did first of all the water cross,
And after them the grenadiers
To keep the front, if need appears:
For the Duke had always in his thought,
That crossing Spey would be dear bought;
But when he found no opposition,
Of other schemes he had suspicion:
Wherein he did conjecture right,
Altho' the plot came not to light:
That in the night he'd be attacked,
Which by ill conduct was not acted.
Thus over Spey all safely came,
That rapid river and *fakward* stream;
Th' English women not us'd with wading,
Being loth to lift up their plaiding
Went in with petticoats and all,
Which *fagg'd* their feet and made them fall,
A trooper thinking lives to save,
With them too got a wat'ry grave.
The flood but to mens middle went,
They were with fording unacquaint:
Cold water struck the women's belly,
It made them prove both faint and silly.
One horseman, and four women that day,
Were drowned in crossing of the Spey:

From

From other harms cannons did cover,
And ſtill they form'd as they came over,
For to engage kept always ready,
Cau'd pipes play *Fair play, Highland laddie.*

To Elgin town they march'd that night,
As the Highland core had ta'en their flight,
From thence to Nairn on the next day,
There on fifteenth encamped lay,
Where the Duke's birth was celebrate,
And Charles' intent was to be at it;
But when near to the camp they came,
They could not execute their plan:
For Murray and Sulli. could not agree,
On what ſide the attack ſhould be:
For want of courage in ſuch a plight,
They argu'd till the morning light,
Then the Duke's drums fell a beating,
And they thought fit to be retreating;
So this attempt prov'd nought at all
But ſaving of their powder and ball.

Now Charlie and his noblemen,
In council night and day were then,
And in their ſchemes could not agree,
Where AHITOPHELS among them be;
Some for this, and ſome for that,
Long time they in confuſion ſat:
Some did incline to fight at Spey,
And of all fords to ſtop the way;
But Tullibardine and Sullivan
Were quite upon another plan,
To let the Duke free paſſage have,
And no diſturbance there to give;
But lead him to ſome ugly ground,
Where cannons and horſe were uſeleſs found;

So pitch'd upon Culloden place,
Where dykes and bogs might vex his Grace;
In hopes, cannon would not get there,
Which was great pain, I muſt declare,
The way ſo rough was, and ſo ill,
But drawn by men were up the hill.
The Duke his march made very ſlow,
Being form'd in lines as on they go:
In four columns they march'd away,
On cannon and baggage, made them ſtay,
Did front and rear in a body keep,
Except the Campbells, who ran like ſheep,
With Kingſton's horſe as ſpies and van,
From hill to hill they ſkipt and ran,
Back and fore had many a bout,
Act as Jackals to ſearch them out,
And that day near the hour of twelve,
At Culloden houſe found them all.
—The Highland army here were ranged,
That no poſition could be changed,
Twelve piece of cannon; but highly mounted;
By which their gunners were affronted:
For ſhould they level ere ſo low,
Shot, down the hill is loth to go:
And though they ply'd them ne'er ſo warm
In ſuch a poſture could not harm.
But the Duke's cannon ſo conceal'd,
They thought he'd got none on that field,
In the centre-line he did them ſcreen,
That they at all could not be ſeen.
Straight on their front he did advance,
On right and left his made a ſtance:
From Charles' batt'ry the fire began
By gunners who no honour wan.

The

The Duke perceiving that his left,
Would be too weak, for ſuch a driſt
Of the ſtout Clans were coming on them,
Sent Bland and Hawley to wait 'pon them,
With foot and horſe and Campbells too,
As good as ere *cauld* iron drew.
Then ſeeing all in order right,
The ſignal gave for bloody fight.
His front to fall, ſome paces back,
And then the cannon began to crack.
Grape them, Grape them, did he cry,
Then rank and file they made them ly:
When bags of balls were fir'd at once,
Where they did ſpread, hard was the chance:
It hew'd them down, aye, ſcore by ſcore,
As graſs doth fall before the mow'r.
Breaches they made as large and broad,
As avenues *in thro'* a wood:
And then ſuch terror on them fell,
That what to do they could not tell:
Whether that they ſhould fight or flee,
Or with the reſt, ſtand there and die.
They had no conduct to conſider,
Or in a body ruſh together;
But ſome drew back, others advanc'd,
Then all into confuſion launch'd.
But M'Pherſons, Cam'rons and the Stuarts,
Who did diſdain the name of Cowards,
All ruſhed on, quite void of fright,
And chuſed death before a flight.
Struck Barrel's regiment on the flank,
For two companies they made a blank,
Wolfe's, Bligh's, and Semple's were attack'd;
But ſore for this they were corrected:

A PLAN of the BATTLE

WEST

Campbells Light-horse and Dragoons.

broke down this Park-dyke.

Barrel's and S. Fuzileers

Monroe's. 4 Can. and Price's. 4 Can.

The KING's ARMY.

Cholmon. Dragoons.

& Royal. 2 C. Light horse.

EAST

Three Regiments marching in cover'd Way towards the park.

Here stood the Duke.

Wolf's. Bligh's. Semple's. Ligonier's. Fleming's. Old Buff's.

Blakney's. Battereau's. Pomeroy's.

SOUTH SIDE.

of CULLODEN MUIR.

SIDE.

The HIGHLAND ARMY.

Duke of Perth.		L. John Drummond.			L. George Murray.	
4 | | | | Cannon.		4 | | | | Cannon.			4 | | | | Cannon.	
Glengary	Clanron.	MacLeods	Farqhar.	M'Intosh	M'Phersons	Camerons
Keppoch.	M'Leans.	M'Intosh.		Frasers.	Stewarts.	Athole.
L. J. Drum.	Picquet.		Culloden		Brig.	Stapleton's Pic.
	Hussar Guards & P. Squadron.		House.		Fitz James Horse.	

First Column.	Pretenders 2d. Col.	3d. Column.
Those of the above, who have only guns, under Lord Kilmarnock's Command.	L. L. Gordon and Glenbucket's to be ready to advance when needful.	C Roy Stewart and those of the above who have only Guns.

Inverness Town. Total 8350.

The D. of Perth and L. Ogilvy's Reg. not to fire without positive Orders, and to keep close up as fresh Corps of Reserve.

NORTH SIDE.

SIDE.

For

For Bland and Hawley came on behind 'em,
Campbells and light horse, which so confin'd 'em
Between two fires, and bay'nets fixt,
That few got off, being so perplext.
The Campbells threw down a stone wall,
To let the horsemen on them fall
Who with sword in hand put them to flight,
And could no longer stand the fight.
Yet many, in rage, kept rushing on,
Till bay'nets thro' their backs were gone,
The bright points on the other side;
So bravely was their valour try'd.
If all their front had so come on,
I know not how the day had gone:
Their lives they did not sell for nought,
The Duke, himself, own'd they were bought.
Those on the left stood still as stupid,
Some would advance, others back skipped:
Dreadful cannons did on them blatter,
Till at the last they're forc'd to scatter.
The French Brigades, who puff'd so hie,
Into a bogue were fain to flee:
Great Stapleton their Brigadier,
In ev'ry *spaul* did shake for fear,
Fitz James's horse, for all their pride,
Unto the rear were fain to ride.
The Duke's right, stood and saw the sun,
Some reg'ments never fir'd a gun;
They only twice or thrice presented;
But seeing them run it was prevented:
For the order was, that fire they don't,
Till within few paces of their front.
So when they see'd them so present,
Back they fled with one consent,

Brandiſht their ſwords and piſtols fir'd,
Some threw their durks and then retir'd.
The Huſſars likewiſe took the flight,
And never did preſume to fight;
But left their leader on the field,
Who as pris'ner was forc'd to yield,
The noble Earl of Kilmarnock,
Whoſe head was from his body ſtruck,
Afterwards, upon Tower-hill:
Great pity 'twas this Lord to kill!
Were it but for his lenity
To priſoners before that day,
He favour ſhew'd to many a hunder
And in no caſe would hear of plunder.
Now Charles, the Prince yet kept the field,
And loth was he to flee or yield:
Major Kennedy with ſome troops of horſe,
Out of the field he did him force,
About five miles from Inverneſs,
The water of Nairn they did paſs,
As they had been for Bad'noch bound;
But ſpread throughout the country round.
And thoſe behind on field who ſtaid,
Ran ev'ry where, be'ng ſo afraid;
But thoſe who ran by Invernaſs,
Were hotly handled in the chace.
Lord Ancram and general Bland,
This fierce purſuit they took in hand,
With Kingſton's horſe and Kerr's dragoons,
They thro' the bonnets clave their crowns,
Struck with ſuch vigour and deſperation,
Some hands were ſwell'd on this occaſion,
Within the hilting of the ſword,
That to pull out, they ſeem'd full gourd,

They

They would not yield as vanquish'd men,
Such discipline they did not *ken*,
To ground their arms or turn their sword,
Nor knew they ought of Quarters word:
But, *madly run*, was all their chance,
And never turn'd to make defence.
The pursuers had them at their will,
Nought but follow and safely kill.
Some hundreds who fell that day,
Were a mean of throwing their life away.
Two thousand lay upon the field,
And those who took flight for their bield,
Through Inverness and all about,
Were hew'd down in this bloody route:
For Kingston's men were young and rude,
Of mercy nought they understood,
When answer'd by a Highland tongue;
But used cruelty all along.
Of prisoners were told and seen,
Full seven hundred and fifteen;
But many more were after this,
Which not into this number is;
Lord Lewis Gordon, marquis of Giles,
And Stapleton this number fills,
Four ladies too, here taken was,
And one of them into man's dress,
Who as a captain did appear,
In fighting for her Chevalier.
Five thousand stand of arms were found,
Ten brazen cannons, smart and sound,
Twelve stand of colours were ta'en, I know,
'Twas the Royal Standard's fate also
For to be left, that fatal hour,
On the field of Culloden Muir,

With

With the baggage and milit'ry cheſt
(Its contents did of nought conſiſt.)
Then brigadier Mordaunt was ſent,
Nine hundred choſen with him went,
For to ſubdue all arm'd who were,
Into the Frazer's country there,
Search'd ev'ry corner and each *quorum*,
Thinking that Charles was ſtill before 'em.
Strathallan fell when on his flight,
Lord Balmarino the next night,
Into the hands of Grant he fell,
Who made him pris'ner, as they tell,
And to the Duke ſent him alſo,
Who ſoon to London made him go,
And with him many a hundred more,
To Engliſh jails and London-tower,
Cargoes by ſea were ſent away;
But to return ne'er ſaw the day.
Now Charlie ſafe to Bad'noch rode,
Where counſel held, and they conclude,
That all of them ſhould ſep'rate be,
And diff'rent ways for ſafety flee,
For the miſcarriage of their plan,
They blam'd both Murray and Sullivan,
For ſending ſome brave Clans away,
A hunting of the *Gowke* that day.
Earl Cromartie and hundreds more
Were taken that morning before,
Being ſent home to's own countrie,
For raiſing men and more ſupplie.
Lord Rae's militia, hearing this,
Upon him came at unawares:
As each miſchief follow'd another,
Things went to wreck juſt altogether.

Their

Their parting was at Badenoch,
With wat'ry eyes and loud *Och-hoch*:
Their bag-pipes mournfully did *rore*,
And *Piperoch Dhonuil* was no more.
This was a day of lamentation,
Made many brave men leave their nation.
Their eyes were open'd, all was vain,
Now grief and sorrow were their gain.

CHAP. X.

Charles' flight. Arrival in the Isles. Hardships, hidings and narrow escapes.

THE Prince from Badenoch that night,
Over the mountains took his flight,
With only six in's company,
And one who led them on the way.
O'er many a rock, thro' glens they past,
And to Invergary came at last.
About two hours ere break of day;
But none within that house did stay,
Only one servant, the laird being gone,
Bed or provisions there were none:
No drink but water to be had,
On the cold floor he made his bed,
All in their clothes thus sleeping lay,
Till near the middle of the day:
Having had no sleep five nights before,
And little food, you may be sure.
No bread or cheese there could they find,
Or ought to eat of any kind.

No

No living poultry could they get;
But in the water found a net,
Wherein two ſalmon were preſent,
Which they took as a bleſſing ſent,
And on them heartily did dine,
Having no liquor but Adam's wine.
Then to their journey ſet again,
For Donald Cam'ron's at Glen bean,
Where they arrived late that night,
Thro' Lochiel's country, 'twas their fright
Of being known by friends or foes:
He dreſt himſelf into Burke's clothes,
The reſt be'ng gone but only three,
No more was in his companie.
Then on the morrow, the eighteenth day,
To Clan-Ronnald's country took their way,
And in Mewboll lodged that night,
Be'ng kindly us'd, but ſtill in fright,
Delay'd next day ſome hours, to hear
How all was gone; but yet for fear
They quit their horſe, and took the hill,
O'er mountains climb'd ſcarce paſſible,
To Ariſaig or Boraſdale:
And here themſelves they did conceal
At Kinloch-muidart, where they lay,
Not knowing what to do or ſay.
There came lord Elcho and O'Neil,
Who to their Prince did plainly tell
How all had gone at Inverneſs,
Since the fatal day of their diſtreſs;
That all the Clans were ſcattered,
So as rally again, they ne'er cou'd;
For the Duke had parties ev'ry where
To burn and plunder, none did ſpare

Who with them were the leaſt concern'd,
So where to flee muſt be determin'd.
Here Sullivan and many more
Their council gave, as bad's before,
Their Prince to flee into ſome iſle,
And there to ly *incog* a while,
Sending for one Donald MacLeod,
Who knew the iſles and ſafeſt road.
And while they were a-planning this,
An alarm came for to diſmiſs,
A party coming was that way,
Direct as knowing where they lay,
Then to the woods all of them fled,
Took ſundry ways be'ng ſore afraid.
The Prince himſelf bewilder'd ran,
And with him there was not a man,
Being thus dejected and all alone,
Thro' the wild woods he made his moan.
While thus he melancholy lay,
MacLeod came paſt on's road from Sky:
The Prince cried boldly, What art thou?
And he reply'd, What's that to you?
My name's MacLeod, from Gualtergill,
I'm not afraid it to reveal,
Then ſaid the Prince, It's thee I want,
I am the man who for thee ſent,
The Son of your King, your Prince I am,
And for your pity here I came.
On you, Donald, myſelf I throw,
Do what you will, prove friend or foe.
Then Donald, in tears, ſtood all amaz'd,
With dumb ſurpriſe he on him gaz'd:
My Prince, my Prince, and here to lurk!
Oh! this would move the heart of Turk,

To

To see the turns of time and fate,
From honour to a wretched state:
I'm old, I'm old, thus did he cry;
Yet t' serve my Prince I'd live and die.
Then said the Prince, Since it is so,
With these two letters, wilt thou go,
To Sir Alexander? though that he
And th' laird of MacLeod's my enemie,
I'll yet their clemency request,
If humanity lies in their breast,
In noble hearts pity is found,
They'll land me safe on German ground.
No, no, said Donald, that will not do:
For now they're both in search of you;
But my service sha'n't cost you a groat,
Near this there lies an eight oar'd boat,
Get all you have, ready on night,
And we will go on board this night.
To this the Prince did well comply,
Then went in search of all was nigh,
To wit, brave O'Neil and Sullivan
With Allan M'Donald of Elen-o-ron,
Alex. M'Donald, Edward Burke,
And four stout men the boat to work,
Donald MacLeod was pilot too,
No more were in his retinue.
For store they had four pecks of meal,
A pot they bought for making kail:
This was on April twenty sixth,
They put to sea, full sore perplext,
At the same place he came on shore,
Where first he landed the year before.
Dark was the night, the wind blew high,
The rain drove on, black was the sky,

No deck or cover was to be got,
Pump or Compass had they not:
Before the wind they durst not stand;
Because they knew not where to land:
In all the isles were armed men;
But in what place they did not ken.
Every wave threat'ning their last,
And shipt great seas, which o'er them past;
Yet kept above from sand and rock,
Till to morrow, 'bout seven o'clock,
They made Rushness-point, on the long isle,
Call'd *Benbicula* in Galic style,
Two hundred miles in eight hours space:
Past many a rock and dang'rous place,
Where militia-boats were out on spy,
Which otherwise he'd not got by:
But this vi'lent storm they could not stand,
All fled for shelter to the land.

Now on this isle they landed were;
But found no house or shelter there,
Except an old stye of a byre,
Wherein they kindled up a fire,
Shot a cow and did her boil,
And made fine brochan of her oil.
The place was hollow and remote,
Upon dry land haul'd up their boat:
But when they view'd the raging sea,
They prais'd their Maker heartily,
To think what dangers they'd come by
'Twixt the isles of Coll, Mull and Skye.

The storm it still encreased high'r,
For fourteen hours it blew like fire.
They spy'd, for dangers, round about,
And then to sleep the Prince was put.

No

No bed-clothes but the ſail all wet,
Without ſtraw, bolſter, or a matt,
Where cows had lain all night before,
A poor palace without a door,
A bed of ſtate, all wet with *ſhern:*
This may the great humil'ty learn.
Here they remain'd for nights two,
Until the ſtorm did overblow:
And then for Stornaway ſet ſail,
But meeting with a deſp'rate gale,
Were drove on *Scalpa*-iſle, or *Glaſs*,
Which to one MacLeod belonging was,
By whom they wou'd been *gripped* faſt;
But for a ſhipwreckt crew they paſt,
Old Sullivan the Prince's father,
And ev'ry one gave names to other.
They ſaid, they were to Orkneys bound,
And here great lenity they found
From Donald Campbell, a farmer there,
Who for their paſſage did prepare
A boat of his own for Stornaway.
Which went off on the firſt of May,
With Donald MacLeod, his truſty guide,
Who went a veſſel to provide,
To get to the Orkneys by all means:
For there he thought to meet with frien's,
Who, well he knew, would uſe their pow'r
To land him on the German ſhore.
And in three days a meſſage came,
That a ſhip was ready at his deman'.
Another boat was mann'd with ſpeed,
And to Storn'way they did proceed,
Landing upon MacKinnon's ground
At Loch-Seaforth, then to walk round,

Long thirty miles, upon their foot,
Before to Ayrnish point they got.
None with him but only Sullivan,
Brave O'Neil and another man,
Who was to guide them on the way;
Yet by good chance led them astray:
Long eighteen hours this stage it was,
Through a long muir all wet to *plush*:
But had they come the neareſt way,
They had been catch'd in Stornaway.
About a half mile from the town,
Faint and weary they all sat down,
And sent their guide for Donald MacLeod,
To bring refreshments if he cou'd,
Who brought them brandy, cheese and bread,
Which cheer'd their hearts in time of need.
Then took him to lady Kildoun's,
The only friend found in that bounds,
Who kindly did them all intreat
And well refresht he went to sleep.
So Donald return'd into the town,
And found all to confusion grown,
Above two hundred in arms were,
And *furich-ha-nish* every where.
A clergyman from the South Uist
Had sent a letter, for truth almost,
That the Prince, with above five hunder,
Was coming for to burn and plunder.
Then Donald to their chiefs did go,
And curs'd and swore it was not so:
For the Prince has not a man but three,
And I one of his number be.
So gentlemen, think what you do,
Lest, when too late, you come to rue:

For

For if Seaforth himſelf were here,
A hair of's head you durſt not *ſteer*:
For, if you him kill, or catch alive,
Think not for ſuch an act to thrive.
This iſland lies far out at ſea,
In faith it will revenged be
By favourites he hath abroad,
So ſtop your fury, cries brave MacLeod;
For ſurely, gentlemen, if you do it,
Your babes unborn will come to rue it.
Then ſaid they, Well, ſince it is ſo,
Out of this iſland let him go:
For if the rabble come to hear it,
They'll do it through a zealous ſp'rit.
The wind is fair and ſo be gone,
We'll ſtill the people and ſend them home.
Keep all right ſnug and let none know
Whether he's in this iſle or no.
The boatmen hearing of ſuch a rout,
And fearing what might be their lot,
Two with the boat fled to the ſea,
And two up to the muirs did hie.
MacLeod and Burke, here left on ſhore,
Went to their Prince with hearts full ſore.
Cry'd Sullivan, We'll take the hill,
No, ſaid the Prince, We'll ſtand it ſtill:
Since here is friendſhip in the leaſt,
Take ye no fear, we'll be releas'd.
So in that night return'd again
Their boat from ſea, with the two men:
But the other two who took the hill,
Where they ran I cannot tell.
Next morn they put to ſea again,
Though hard beſet for want of men,

Having

Having only three who understood
Either to row, or sail to crowd.
For store they got two pecks of meal,
Brandy, beef, butter and ale,
So bid adieu to brave Kildoun,
As to the Orkneys they were boun'.
But to the south as they did steer,
Two English ships there did appear,
Which made them in all haste to turn,
And put in to the isle of Euirn,
A desart place, where none abode,
One mile in length, another broad,
Where fishers oft frequent by day;
But seeing them fled all away,
Thinking they were the king's press-boat,
Their fish behind was all forgot,
Both fresh and drying on the rock,
Of Cod and Ling, the poor mens stock:
And here they staid a day or two,
Until the ships were out of view,
And on the fish well did they fare,
Although their lodging was but bare,
An old hut, like a swines stye
Which fishers us'd to occupy:
They had no bed but heathry seal,
The hut's roof cover'd with the sail.
They roasted fish and brandy drank,
No host they had to pay or thank.
For what they did the fishers bereave,
He was amind money to leave:
But Donald says, Na not a *snishing*;
For that would cause a strong suspicion
That some good fellows had been here;
Therefore be not so mad, my dear,

For

For it's the men of wars mens way,
To take all fiſh; but not to pay.
Now here to ſtay they thought was vain,
On the tenth of May ſet ſail again,
And back to Scalpa came once more,
Where they were kindly us'd before,
And offer'd money for men and boat;
But ſuch a thing could not be got,
To venture with them out to ſea,
To Noraway or Germanie.——
But here they found danger to ſtay,
So in all haſte they put away:
For men in arms in ev'ry place,
In ſearch of him were in full chace.
Ships and boats watching by ſea,
So without freſh ſtore they're forc'd to flee:
And coming paſt the South of Uiſt,
An Engliſh ſhip before they wiſt,
Commanded by one Ferguſon,
For three full leagues came chacing on:
They kept by ſhore, to windward lay,
Till in the Loch call'd Eſca-bay
Got on an iſland, and then by chance,
Wind contrary roſe, and drove them thence.
Rain and fog did favour ſhow,
So who they chac'd they did not know.
Well, ſaid Charles, I ſee my lot
Is neither to be drown'd nor ſhot,
Nor can they e'er take me alive,
While wind and rain againſt them ſtrive.
Yet piercing hunger's hard command:
For here no freſh water they *fand*,
And to big iſles they durſt not go;
But ſuch as were a mile or two.

So

So here they were ſo hard beſtead,
Of ſalt water they *dramack* made,
And of it haſtily did eat,
Hunger for ſauce, made it good meat.
If e'er I mount a throne, ſaid he,
I'll mind who din'd this day with me.
A bottle of brandy then he took,
And to them all drank *better luck.*
So then for *Benbicula*,
They hoiſted ſail and ſteer'd awa';
And landed there among the rocks,
Where Crab-fiſh and Partan flocks,
To fiſhing theſe, with ſpeed went all,
And ſoon did fill a wooden pail.
The hut was two miles from the ſhore,
Where Charles carried this ſtore,
Leſt ſuſpicion ſhould ariſe,
This he did for mere diſguiſe:
And when near to this hut they drew,
Such a cottage one did ne'er view,
On feet and hands they *crawled* in
Sowre was the ſmoke their eyes to blin':
Then Edward Burke digg'd down the door
And made the entry ſomewhat more.
'Twas here Clan-Ron. did viſit make,
To ſee what meaſures they could take,
For ſending him to France again,
To ſee him ſo, it gave him pain,
No ſhirts he had excepting two,
And theſe unwaſh'd like *diſh-clouts* blue:
Sculking, lurking, here and there,
A prey to all like hounds on hare,
Though in times of proſperity
He was extoll'd moſt gallantly.

Thus

Thus here no longer he could truſt;
But to Cardail into South Uiſt,
He caus'd him to remove and go,
And did provide for him alſo
Bread, brandy, wine and clothes,
And ſuch neceſs'ries as he choſe.
At this time the faithful MacLeod,
In Campbell's boat the ſail did croud,
And ſteer'd for the main land again:
How matters ſtood he long'd to *ken*
With brave Lochiel and Murray too,
And have their counſel what to doo.
Murray's anſwer was, My money's gone,
And help from me you can get none.
Then Donald laid out what caſh he had
For liquor, and for other trade,
Whereof his maſter ſtood in need,
And ſo return'd again with ſpeed,
Being only eighteen days away,
Which to his Prince ſeem'd a long ſtay.
No counſel he brought, as I heard tell;
But ev'ry man do for himſel,
Which made his Maſter quite amaz'd,
And for a time he on him gaz'd:
It pierced Donald's heart to ſee
A Prince into ſuch miſery,
Confin'd into a ſtinking ſtye,
And 'bove his head two hydes of *kye*,
To ſkonce away the ſooty rain.
And all his clothes in dirty ſtain.
At this time ſoldi'rs came to Raſki,
An iſland, in length but miles three,
Lying 'twixt Barra and South Uiſt;
And therefore flee again he muſt.

The

The Prince, O'Neil and Sullivan,
Edward Burke and Donald the man,
Juſt from the foot of Corradail,
In Campbell's boat they did ſet ſail,
And landed in th' iſle of Ouia,
From South Uiſt not far awa',
And there they ſtayed a few nights;
But conſtantly were in ſad *plights*:
For armed boats ſtill paſſing by,
They knew not where to hide or ly.
Charles, O'Neil, and a ſure guide,
Went thence unto Ruſhneſs to hide;
But was not there above nights two,
Till information was all thro',
Where he lodged at Ruſhneſs,
Which truſty Donald did diſtreſs:
So he, that night, with Sullivan
Set ſail, to ſave him if they can,
And got him once more ſafe on board;
But wind and rain upon them pour'd:
So at Uſhneſs point they ſhelter took,
And lodg'd under a clefted rock.
This ſtorm it did the whole day blow,
And then at night they came to know
Of a party, diſtant, but miles two:
So to ſea again they're forc'd to go.
And as they ſteer'd to Loch Boiſdale,
One of the ſailors a ſwearing fell,
He ſaw a boat full of marines,
Which prov'd a rock at ſome diſtance.
Cry'd, Hardy-weather, and ſhip about,
Then to Celie-ſtella that night they put.
On next day Donald ſpy'd afar,
Two ſail of Engliſh men of war;

Yet

Yet here they ſtayed for ſome days,
And could not reſt in any ways.
Hearing captain Scot on ſhore was come
At Kilbride, two miles off from them.
Thus now they all were forc'd to part,
Their Prince went off with heavy heart,
And with him took none but O'Neil,
Whoſe heart he found as true as ſteel.
Two ſhirts a piece, for baggage they took,
Tied up into a wallet or poek,
Around the Prince's neck and ſhoulder,
Like maſter and man they trudge together.
So here we leave them for a while
In loneſome caves and mountains wild.
The others two days hover'd near,
And ſunk their boat through perfect fear,
Both night and day lay in the field,
Nought but the ſails had they for beild,
The red coats ſwarming all around,
And yet by chance none of them found.
Then Donald MacLeod he went away,
And was ta'en at Slate in iſle of Sky,
By Allan M'Donald, the laird of Knock,
Who him on board the Furnace took,
Where gen'ral Campbell and Ferguſon
For to examine him thus began——
Gen. Was you with the Pretender, or was you no?
Heth was I, *quoth* Donald, and that you know.
Gen. Do you know what's bidden for his head?
Thirty thouſand pounds, a bra' ſum indeed!
Prutiſh, quo Donald, its no worth a ſtraw,
Her ain ſound conſcience is better nor't a':
Tho' I'd got Scotland and England, a' for my pains,
I wadna ſee him hurt, for your muckle gains.

He's a good civil ſhentleman, his life on me threw,
Wad I kill him, or drown him, or gi'e him to you.
And deil care what ye do, he's now far awa',
The win ran awa' wi'm, the like you ne'er ſaw:
For the win and water, Sir, did ſae combine,
Carri'd him twa hunder mile in aught hours time.
They thought Donald a fool of the honeſt kind,
He confeſſed ſo freely all to their mind,
Suppos'd the Prince might lurking ſtay
Into the iſle of St Kilday,
A little iſland which does ſtand,
Far nore-weſt from iſles or land,
The property of the laird MacLeod,
A barren ſoil, and poor abode,
Famed moſt for Soland geeſe:
Sea fowl and fiſh their living is:
And there they thought, as Donald ſpake,
The young Pretender for to take.
Poor Donald to London they ſent away,
Where he twelve months in priſon lay;
Yet got his liberty at laſt,
When the act-indemnity was paſt.
Gen'ral Campbell, with an armed fleet,
Around St Kilda came complete,
Which frighted the poor natives there,
Who ran to holes like fox or hare:
And when they reach'd the wretched ſhore,
They catched ſome, who to them ſwore,
That none did in that place ſojourn,
But who were in St Kilda born;
Of a Pretender they nothing knew;
But what they heard from a boats crew,
How their laird MacLeod had arm'd his men,
To fight againſt ſome ill woman,

Who

Who lived ſomewhere far away:
And this was all they had to ſay.
So the Gen'ral ſoon return'd again,
And ſaw St Kilda for his pain.

And here we'll leave the Prince a while,
Who hunted was from iſle to iſle,
O'er hills and mountains, wood and glen,
As afterwards I'll let you ken.
Poor Edward Burke was left alone,
For now companions had he none,
Lodg'd in a cave for weeks three,
Eat Dulce and Lampets from the ſea:
In ſhort, he thought he would turn wild,
Seeing no man, woman, or child;
Till an honeſt ſouter and his wife,
Agreed for to ſuſtain his life,
For two long months, he ſaid, and more,
Some meat each night they to him bore,
Their like was not in all North Uiſt,
For to pity rebels no man durſt:
Becauſe ev'n at that very time,
It had been made a mighty crime,
Read from the pulpits by the prieſts,
That none ſhould pity man or beaſts,
Who had along with Charlie been,
Give them no victuals, nor cloſe their een
In ſleep, or warm within a door,
Or excommunicate to be therefore,
Beſides, the pains of milit'ry law,
Hanged or ſhot one of the twa.

Of this act I know not what to ſay,
Since Solomon ſpeaks another way,
And a great, yea wiſer King than he,
Bids us to feed our enemie,

And give him water for to drink:
For me, I know not what to think.
But Burke of all at last got free,
When th' act of grace gave libertie,
And home to Edinburgh came again,
For's love to Charles got nought but pain,
And yet if Charles return, to morrow,
He vows he'd go tho' on a barrow.

CHAP. XI.

Procedure of the King's men against the suspected. Confusion in the army and severity against the Clans.

NOW, the royal Duke, at Inverness,
Did the whole North fully possess,
Encamp'd, and sent his parties out
To burn, and plunder round about
All the offenders, who for their crime,
Were severely punish'd at this time.
All those who were loyal and true,
Had some acknowledgement as their due.
He number'd first what he had lost,
And what his signal vict'ry cost.
Lord Robert Ker was 'mong the slain,
A brave captain of Barrel's men;
Of Price's reg'ment captain Grossot
Here did fall, it was his lot,
Captain Campbell of Argyleshire men,
Was likewise found among the slain.
Near six hundred, rank and file, lay there,
Two hundred and forty wounded were.

His

His ſole reflection was, in the chaſe,
The Pretender's rout he could not trace,
Any farther than that afternoon,
He drank with Lovat when all was done,
When his very tears mingl'd with wine;
But never could be catch'd *ſinſyne*.
As ſome ran eaſt, and ſome ran weſt,
To ſouth and north in crouds they paſt;
Some to Argyleſhire, through Kintyre,
And into Ireland flew like fire.
Tyllibairn by Loch-lomond came,
Fled from the battle into the flame,
Into the houſe of Drummiekill,
Who ſtood on the croſs-way, to kill
Thoſe who from the battle fly,
Againſt all ſuch does Moſes cry,
As in the ſacred write we read,
They're curs'd who're guilty of ſuch deed:
Yet here was Tyllibardine gripped,
When from the roaring guns eſcaped,
And priſoner to London led;
Yet dy'd there quietly in his bed.
Duke William ſtill camp'd in the north,
All was in ſtir beyond the Forth,
Ports, paſs, and ferries guarded,
Who catch'd a rebel was well rewarded.
Few but preachers, at this day,
Were counted righteous in this way:
For where the miniſter ſaid the word,
To life and liberty they're reſtor'd,
Reſign their arms, with Meſs John's line
That they were preſt, for to combine
To go with Charlie, and his crew,
By force control'd——Its very true,

Moſt of the common men were preſt,
Drove to the ſlaughter like a beaſt:
But one thing of Highlanders I ſee,
To them they ſerve they'll faithful be;
For thoſe who ſerv'd King George, juſt here,
'Gainſt the rebels prov'd moſt ſevere,
And rebels, who afterwards did liſt,
Loyaller hearts no man could truſt:
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the Engliſh I will not yield:
Had Scots and Iriſh run away,
They'd found it hard to gain the day;
Yet after all they 'gan to boaſt,
'Twas they only who rul'd the roaſt,
And even where in camp they lay
To upbraid the Scots, and oft did ſay,
Mocking the mis'ries that befel,
"These Scotſmen are but rebels all,
"For which they all ſhould hanged be,"——
Which rous'd the Scots moſt veh'mentlie:
And when they did complain thereof,
Were anſwer'd with a mere *put-off*:
This did enrage them ſtill the more,
Vengeance to ſeek by the *Clay-more*,
Which all into confuſion threw:
The Scots into a body drew,
Iriſh, by blood and love allied,
Did join unto the Scottiſh ſide.
His Grace, the Duke, perceiving this,
Into this broil moſt active was,
Who, as with no party he would ſtand;
But charg'd them, by his high command,
For to be ſtill, and ſilent be,
Till he'd the diſpute rectifie;

Then

Then agents from each ſide were choſe,
Whom he in council did encloſe,
Where they made a ſolemn act,
"That, by a thouſand on the back,
"Every man ſhould puniſh'd be,
"Who'd thus upbraid any countrie."
So this again cemented peace,
Thro' mediation of his Grace,
Which was indeed a vertuous ſcheme,
And adds great honour to his name:
For had they once come on to blows,
'T had been the glory of their foes,
And the murd'ring of one another;
But now they're Britons all together.
And yet the ſpite ended not here,
As afterwards you'll come to hear;
But agitated the parliament,
Though contrary, it with them went,
To put the Scots beating away,
A march which vex'd them ev'ry day:
Becauſe it was a grief to hear it,
And very irkſome to their ſpirit,
The dinging down of *Tamtallon*,
They ſwore it mean'd ſome other *duallion*.
The bonnets, plaids, and ſpotted coats,
A dreſs long time worn by the Scots,
Theſe by an act were laid aſide,
Thro' nought, I think, but ſpite and pride:
For when the Scots they came to need,
They were reſtor'd again with ſpeed,
Ev'n by an order of the crown;
But *Tamtallan* was ne'er beat down,
The Scots ſtill kept by their old march,
In ſpite of all their foes could urge.

But the cauſe of the Duke's long ſtay here,
Was to find out the Chevalier,
As Scotland round by ſea was guarded,
If catch'd on land, ſo high rewarded
The apprehender was to be,
There was no hopes he could get free.
Heſſe camps, did at Perth, and Stirling ſtand,
Armed militia through all the land,
And parties ſearching ev'ry iſle;
Being heard of ev'ry other while,
They ſtill kept on a cloſe purſuing,
Hard was the hunt for Charlie's ruin.
All priſoners, they catch'd, of note,
On ſhip-board were ſecurely put,
And to England ſent, trial to ſtand,
But deſerters judg'd were in Scotland,
Who had as ſoldiers with Charlie gone,
They hang'd and ſhot them every one:
For Halley's verdict was ſo quick,
"Go hang the dogs up by the neck,"
Which was no ſooner ſaid than done,
No pity he ſhew'd on woman's ſon.
The Duke, by half, not ſo ſevere,
Did often the condemn'd ſet clear,
Made his ſoldiers ſay, he was too civil;
But ſwore, That Hawley wou'd hang the devil.
The Duke did love to burn and plunder,
And ſweet revenge upon them thunder,
On houſe and huts made devaſtation,
As it had been a foreign nation.
Their whole utenſils, rock and reel,
To ſee in flames he loved well,
With dogs and cats, the rats and mice,
And their old ſhirts, with nits and lice,

Were

Were all unto the flames consign'd,
To bring them to a better mind,
And never more for to rebel,
A doleful time for *her nain sell*,
For all that *she* had done or said.
She thought it more than double paid;
Eating kirns, and supping sheese,
And codding of the Lothian pease,
Or taking a bit of beef to eat,
When *she* could get no other meat;
And when *she* met a lawlan-rogue,
But pate a sheinshment on her brogue,
The soger has done a ten times mair,
Brunt her house, taen a her geer,
And after that cuts aff her head,
An shot on them that frae her fled.
For all who did from the soldiers fly,
Were fir'd upon immediately,
By which, many a poor innocent
Was put to death, by them unkent,
Their flying away caused th' error
The red-coats to them were a terror.
Now Charles concealed was in Uist,
And there to stay no longer durst,
The Campbells were coming *a bo, a ba,*
He durst not bide, and could not go:
Every day he saw them well,
And had none with him but O'Neil.
The day was long and hot the sun,
About the twenty first of June,
Upon a mountain top they lay,
And saw their motions ev'ry way,
From glen to glen, caves and rocks,
As ever hounds did search for fox,

Campbells

Campbells, and lads with the red coat,
With them guides knew every spot,
And corner of that country side;
So here it dang'rous was to bide.
But in a desert place remote,
They found a lonely dismal hut,
And there to stay they judged best,
Until part of the hurry past.
Such venison as they could take,
Of ev'ry thing a prey they make:
It was not out of cov'tous greed;
But only as they stood in need.
O'Neil alone went out at last,
To hear of what was done or past,
And met a lady whom he knew,
Miss MacDonald good and true,
To her their straits he did reveal,
Who did with tears their sorrows feel,
And vow'd by all was dear within her,
She'd them relieve, if they should skin her:
Then hasten'd O'Neil to him away,
Appointing where to meet next day,
And to the Prince with him did go,
Her servant did the secret know,
One Neil MacKechnie, an honest heart,
Who in ev'ry point did act his part,
There, they their whole plan did frame:
And then to Malton came again
Miss Flora and her man next day,
Going to Clan-Ronald's house were they,
For to perform the enterprize,
And get clothes fit for his disguise.
By a party of militia men,
Both of them prisoners were ta'en,

Miss

Miſs aſk'd who was their officer,
And they in anſwer told to her:
He prov'd her father-in-law to be,
Preferr'd, for ſuppos'd loyaltie,
No leſs than a king's officer,
She thought ſhe might the better fare,
And there did tarry all that night,
Before of him ſhe got a ſight.
Greatly ſurpriſed then was he,
His ſtep-daughter priſoner to ſee,
Call'd her aſide to know the matter,
And gave her both a paſs and letter,
For herſelf, her lad, and Betty Burke,
A woman who was to ſpin and work,
Being a maid for her mother hir'd
So all was done as ſhe requir'd.
Then to Clan-Ronald's houſe they came,
And let the lady know the ſame,
Where ev'ry thing in haſte was got,
Apron, gown and a petticoat:
Of printed cotton the gown it was,
Juſt fitting for a ſervant laſs:
Then to the hut they went away,
To get him dreſt without delay;
And as they entred into the door
They found their Prince, ſurpris'd him ſore,
A cooking ſomething for to eat,
A ſheep's-pluck on a wooden ſpit.
This put them all in briniſh tears,
A Prince brought to ſuch low affairs!
But he replied, Why weep ye ſo?
Its good for kings ſorrow to know:
And ev'n the great, won't after rue,
They ſuffer'd part of what I doo.

Miſs

That

That night they ſtaid all in the hut,
Ere ev'ry thing was ready got,
And on the morrow a meſſage came
For lady Clan-Ronald, in haſte extreme,
That cap. Ferguſon, with Campbell's men,
Did all night in her houſe remain.
And to confirm what they had ſaid,
The Captain took up her own bed.
Now Charles by this time was dreſt,
Like a Dutch frow, I do proteſt,
His *brogues*, indeed, had leather heels,
And beard, well ſhoven, all conceals;
But gown and petticoat ſo ſhort,
Shew'd too much legs, but no help for't.
He of the Lady took his leave,
And left O'Neil behind to grieve,
Who through the world with him would go;
But Flora ſaid, it could not do:
Becauſe their paſs that number bore,
And one too much was not ſecure,
Herſelf, her ſervant, and Betty Burke,
Who was going to her mother's work.
The boat's prepar'd, away they ſet;
But lady Clan-Ronald was in a ſtrait:
For ſoon as ſhe had reached home,
Was ſtrict examin'd by Ferguſon——
Pray where now, Madam, have you been?
Seeing a ſick child, a dying frien';
My ſervants might have told the matter;
But the child now is ſomewhat better.
For this no proof was but her lips,
So he put them both on board of ſhips,
I mean Clan-Ronald and his dame,
Who did in ſep'rate ſhips remain,

Until

Until to London they were ſent,
And nothing of each other *kent*,
Long twelve months there they did remain;
Before they ſaw their homes again.
Now poor O'Neil was left alone,
And through the hills a wand'ring gone,
By chance he met with Sullivan;
As on the ſhore they both did ſtan'
A French cutter came in their ſight,
With pendent flying, colours bright,
O'Neil her hail'd, and to ſhe came,
To *fetch* the Prince was all her aim.
O'Neil deſir'd them there to ſtay,
And he to bring him back wou'd try:
Then off he ſets along the ſhore,
A trav'lling for a day or more,
As the wind had contrary been,
Into ſome creek they might be ſeen:
But finding he was gone for Sky,
He thought to touch there going by,
Knowing the ſecret, the way plann'd,
The very place he was to land.
Night and day he did not ſpare,
Back to the cutter did repair;
But ere he came ſhe was away,
Sullivan would no longer ſtay:
For's life was precioufer to him,
Than all the princes in Chriſtendom.
He ſaw ſome ſhips afar at ſea,
Then pray'd the French with him to flee:
But had they got O'Neil on board,
From Sky the Prince had been ſecur'd;
Yet here was O'Neil left behind,
Who ſoon was taken and confin'd,

And ſent to Berwick upon Tweed,
Where he remain'd ſome time indeed,
Thence by cartel was ſent to France
Paſs'd for an officer from thence,
Sullivan was got home before him,
The cow'rdlieſt cur in all the *quorum*:
For had he ſtaid three hours in Uiſt,
They'd carry'd their Prince ſafe off the coaſt:
For O'Neil would made them touch at Sky,
The very place which they paſt by,
Where he knew the Prince was to 'bide:
But Sullivan ſav'd his own hide,
And with all ſpeed went home to France,
Left them behind to Providence.
As the Prince, Miſs Flora and her man,
Were juſt about to quit the land,
Four king's wherries came in their view,
Where armed men were not a few:
Back to the heather they're forc'd to fly,
And there ſome time conceal'd to ly,
Theſe wherries ſoon went out of ſight,
And then came on a pleaſant night,
Their boat ready, they put to ſea;
But were not gone paſt leagues three,
'Till dark and diſmal grew the ſkies,
The wind and waves did dreadful riſe,
In open boat, no compaſs had,
Only two men, whoſe ſkill was bad.
Here Charles' courage was at a ſtand,
Tempeſts by ſea and ſtorms by land;
For wind and wave did fight again' him
And nothing ſeemed to befrien' him.
Miſs Flora ſhe fell faſt aſleep,
The reſt by oars and helm did keep,

And

And when the day light did appear,
They knew not to what hand to ſteer,
The wind had vary'd in the night:
At laſt of Sky they got a ſight.
At *Waterniſh*, the weſt of Sky,
Upon that point to land did try;
But the red-coats were ſwarming there,
To ſhip about they did prepare:
They ſmartly ſtr'd to bring 'em to,
But all in vain, it would not do.
Two men of war were hov'ring by,
And there it was no time to ſtay;
So, off they ſet, before the wind,
And all their foes they left behind.
The alarm up to the village went;
Yet to purſue they were not bent,
Knowing all boats were in a fright;
So about they put when out of ſight,
And landed in a little creek,
Under a rock did ſhelter ſeek,
The men to reſt and be refreſh'd,
Who all the night were ſorely daſh'd:
And then to ſea again did go,
Leſt ſome ſhould of their landing know.
They were not half a mile from ſhore,
Till they ſee'd purſuers half a ſcore,
All running to the very place,
Which they had left a little ſpace.
Then to the north twelve miles they ſtood,
At *Torniſh* made their landing good.
Near Alexander MacDonald's houſe,
Where went Miſs Flora bold and crouſe,
As Sir Alexr. was not at home;
But to viſit Duke William gone,

Only his factor, who prov'd a friend,
And how to act Miss to him mean'd:
As a militry officer was there,
She told him where he should repair,
And meet the Prince in woman's dress,
To whom he went in full express,
With bread and wine, and other food,
Then took the hills, a private road
To his own house, to be conceal'd,
Though afterwards it was reveal'd.
Miss Flora on horseback, and another
Kept the high way, for to discover
What militia or foes might be;
From all dangers to keep him free,
Miss Flora, her man, and a highland maid,
Coming on the way, She to Miss said,
" That *lawland Carlin gangs* like a man,
" She strides o'er far by half a span,
" I wonder Kingsborough's not afraid,
" To crack sae wi' that English jade:
" See how her coats *mamels* again,
" These English women can fight like men."
No, said Miss, She's an Irish woman;
Cries, Lady Marg'ret, Are ye coming?
(Not liking what the girl had said)
Go after Kingsborough yon road,
And you'll be there as soon as we,
Thus she kept him from suspicion free;
And to the house they came at last
Before elev'n o'clock was past.
But Kingsb'ro's wife was gone to bed,
Thinking that no such stranger wad,
At such a time come to her door;
For th' two young ladies were oft before,

She

She ſent them word to take the key,
With all in the houſe for to make free;
But Kingſbro' ſaid, that would not do,
Herſelf muſt riſe, and quickly too.
The child ran back and told her plain,
Such a lang Wife ſhe ne'er ſaw nane,
As that was walking through the ha',
Her like was never there awa',
Therefore ſhe'd go no more for fear,
Then up ſhe roſe and did appear:
And the one who walked through the hall,
Did her ſalute and kiſs with all,
Whereat ſhe ſtarted and was afraid,
Being ſo prick'd with a lady's beard:
Then to her huſband ſaid, whiſp'ring ways,
Is not this a gentleman in diſguiſe?
His pricking beard does me convince,
Pray aſk him, What's come of the Prince?
The Prince, my dear, Why this is he——
Oh, ſaid ſhe, then we'll hanged be——
A well, ſaid he, We'll die but once,
Get ſupper for him, cakes and ſcones,
Butter and cheeſe, We have eggs enow:
What! That for a Prince will never do.
Yes, for rarities be nowiſe griev'd;
You little know how he has liv'd:
And with ceremony be not affected,
Leſt by your ſervants he be ſuſpected.
He ſup'd that night and went to ſleep
As a ſtranger lady, all ſtung was kept.
On the morrow he roſe and was dreſt,
And for their kindneſs thanks expreſt:
Miſs Flora and the other Miſs,
They had him in his robes to dreſs,

The gown, the *mutch*, and petticoat,
Such ſtuff to wear he loved not;
But becauſe to them in ſuch he came,
He ſhould go off wearing the ſame,
Leſt by enquiry they might provoke
What they were, being ſtranger folk.
Then Kingſborough's wife did them deſire,
To aſk a *pickle* of his hair,
And they in *Gaelick* did debate,
Who ſhould it aſk, they were ſo blate:
He underſtood, the reaſon *ſpeir'd*
Of their debate, deſir'd to hear't,
This freely granted as ſoon as told,
And to their ſheers his head did hold,
The lock was parted 'mongſt the three,
Of their dear Prince mindful to be,
An ancient *ſpell*, a Highland *charm*,
Look on that hair her heart will warm.
Kingſborough a bundle of mens clothes took
Far from his houſe, to a wood *mirk*,
Remounted him in Highland dreſs,
There he much kindneſs did expreſs——
They wept, they kiſs'd, and off he goes,
While drops of blood fell from his noſe.
Their hearts were great, you may well ken,
They parted ne'er to meet again.
A guide ſent wi'm the mountain way,
Had a boat ready, the freight did pay,
At *Portree*, or the king's port,
Miſs Flora's there ere he came to't.
And here they parted at Portree,
Where thanking her moſt heartilie,
Miſs Flora did no longer wait;
But went to 'e mother's houſe at *Slate*.

How

Now Kingſborough did Raaza ſend
To meet the Prince, and be his friend,
With ſev'ral of his truſties there,
Who in his expeditions were,
Both at Culloden and Falkirk.
To *Portree* came when it was dark,
Both John MacKenzie and Donald Frier,
Who had been with him far and near,
They ſet off in a little boat,
And ſafely into *Glam* all got:
In a mean hut their dwelling made,
For kid and lamb young Raaza *gade*:
There was no bedding to be found,
They're oblig'd to ly upon the ground:
His pillow was a *wiſp* of Ling:
Poor ſtate for a pretended king!
This was in July the firſt day,
And here *incog.* ſome time they lay.

Now Ferguſon got the ſure tract
From the two men, as they went back,
Who did him and Miſs Flora bring
Out of Uiſt, and every thing,
His coat, his *mutch*, his very gown,
From whence they came, and whither boun',
How Malton's daughter and Kingſborough too,
Went all together out of their view.
Then Ferg'ſon with a party came
To Kingſb'ro's houſe, and did demean',
Which way the young Pretender went?
Where he and Miſs Flora were ſent?
Whether they lay in one bed together?
What clothes he came in, or went thither?
Few anſwers to him Kingſb'rough made:
What! ſaid his wife, "Miſs Flora's maid,

"They

" They ſtaid all night and went away,
" Whether man or woman was I to try?"
Then, ſaid he, Show where they were laid,
Where lay the Miſs? where lay the maid?
Now then, quoth he, I have you faſt:
Becauſe the maid's bed is the beſt.
Then Kingſborough away was led
To Fort-Auguſtus, hard beſtead,
Plunder'd of's watch, buckles and ſhoes,
And all the caſh was in his trews,
In a dungeon deep, iron'd he lay,
Thence to Ed'nburgh caſtle ſent away,
And there confin'd was kept one year,
Till by the Act of Grace ſet clear.
For love of Charlie he got this,
And poor Miſs Flora no better was:
For ſhe was ſcarce ten days at home,
Until ſhe got a card to come
And ſpeak unto an officer,
Who had no great good will to hers:
This for a night ſhe did delay,
And on the morrow, by the way,
A party meets, in ſearch of her,
By whom ſhe was made priſoner,
And carry'd inſtantly away,
On board a ſhip that very day,
The Furnace, captain Ferguſon,
Who did ſhow lenity to none.
But good for her, as fortunes were,
That gen'ral Campbell, as judge ſat there:
Though ſhe before made 'quivocation,
She told to him the true relation,
And the general did uſe her well,
Since ſhe the truth did not conceal:

For

For of the deed she thought no shame,
To any in need she'd do the same.
Said she, "I've no cause to betray,
"Or yet to wish his life away,
"Wherefore then should I do him wrong?
"To you soldiers such does belong.
"If that a price be on his head?
"Its for those by blood who have their bread."
The gen'ral then had nought to say;
But gave her leave, on the next day,
Of her friends to go and take farewel;
Her mother heart-sore grief did feel;
An officer and forty men
Did guard her there, and back again.
Then she unto the *Nore* was sent,
Five months on sea, where no friend *kent*,
At last to London was convey'd,
There with a messenger to bide,
Till the month of July forty seven,
That she was home to Edinburgh driv'n,
When by the Act of Grace reliev'd,
She's now in Sky, yet unmischiev'd.
Now Charles at Glam, in Raaza lay,
Long, long, he thought to get away.
Hard was his living, poor his hut,
Upon all heights they watchers put.
A stranger to this island came
To sell tobacco, perhaps a sham;
For after all his roll was sold,
He daily through the island stroll'd,
And to the hut one day drew nigh;
Then Raaza swore he was a spy,
And cockt his pistol, him to shoot,
The Prince cry'd, No, You shall not do't.

That poor man may innocent be,
Without a fault he shall not die.
The poor man then went stepping by,
And did not ev'n look to their *fiye*.
Now, said the Prince, What would ye said,
If innocent blood had here been shed?
Too much, indeed, on my account:
At this some seem'd to take affront;
Yet as a joke he past it by,
And then propos'd to go for Sky.
In the small boat which brought them there,
So for the voy'ge they did prepare.
Toward ev'ning they put to sea,
And then the wind rose wond'rous high,
The boatmen begg'd to put about;
But he was obst'nate on his rout,
And told them life was but a chance,
They were in hands of Providence:
He leav'd the water with a scoop,
And bid them in their Maker hope,
The boat is making a good way,
No man will die but him that's *fey*,
We've all in dangers been ere now:
At Nicolson's rock they brought her to,
Near *Scorebreck* in *Trotternish*,
Their lodging in a byre it was,
All wet and weary as they were,
Lay on the ground, sleep seiz'd him there,
In which he sigh'd, and starting said,
"Poor people, poor people, hard bestead!"
He then awak'd, and thus did say,
"Malcom, dear captain, is it yet day?
"You've watch'd too long, now take a sleep,
"And I myself will centry keep."

"No

" No, said MacLeod, Sir, if you please,
" I know this ground best, take your ease,
" There's not a house near by two mile,
" Our friends are few into this isle,
" The red-coats are not far from us,
" To slip my charge is dangerous."
So here they did remain next day,
Before they could venture away,
Having no bread, or ought to eat,
(For a King's Court, a poor mean treat!)
Except water, sprung from the ground,
No meat or drink could there be found.
Two bottles of brandy was all their store,
On earth he had no substance more,
Nor in that place durst one look out
For en'mies planted round about.
When night came on, they parted all,
Captain MacLeod, we shall him call,
Did undertake to be his guide,
One bottle of brandy by his side,
Over muir and mountains, wood and glen,
Between hope and despair they ran.
The Prince as servant did appear;
Because he did the baggage bear.
A hairy wallet on his back,
Just like a chapman and his pack,
Wanting the *breiks*, with legs all bare,
Into his hand his *bregues* did bear,
A napkin ty'd around his head,
In this posture forward they *gade*,
Long thirty miles ere they took rest,
Water and brandy was all their feast:
Because they had no other cheer,
For house or hut they went not near,

Till at *Elligbill*, the place call'd Ord,
Whereof MacKinnon is the lord.
Their brandy-bottle now was done,
And here they hid it under groun':
Yet were they in a ſtrait again,
Meeting two of MacKinnon's men,
Who had on th' expedition been,
And oft before, the Prince had ſeen,
Who knew him well, though in diſguiſe,
Fell down and burſted out in cries.
Then Malcom, Huſh, to them did call,
Or elſe they would diſcover all,
To which they ſwore, by all that's Good,
They'd rather ſpend their deareſt blood,
So faithfully they did conceal it,
And did not in the leaſt reveal it.
Now were they come unto the place,
Where Malcom's ſiſter married was
To John MacKinnon, who'd captain been
Along with Charles in armour *keen*:
But had got clear by Proclamation,
And for to ſkulk had no occaſion,
He orders the Prince, now Lewis Cawe,
For to ly down ſome ſpace awa',
While he into his ſiſter's went,
Their doleful caſe to repreſent.
She him embrac'd, and wept amain.
As in the war ſhe thought him ſlain:
He ſaid, dear ſiſter, here I'm come
Myſelf to hide, if you have room,
With one, my ſervant, Lewis Caw,
In the ſame caſe, hard is our fa:
He's a ſurgeon's ſon, who came from Grief
Shelter to ſeek and ſome relief.

Then

Then poor ſick Lewis was called in,
With head bound-up, he look'd right grim,
And by his maſter there he did ſtand,
With head uncover'd, bonnet in hand:
But the Captain urg'd him to ſit down,
And put his bonnet on his crown,
Since there are no ſtrangers here,
Come, eat with me, Lewis, my dear.
And when their dinner over was,
The Captain ſays, Our feet we'll waſh:
The ſervant-maid brought water then,
And waſh'd his feet with tender han'.
Said he, my lad's not well, I know,
You'll waſh his feet before you go;
But ſhe reply'd, *I ken* ſome better,
It's fair enough if I bring him water.
He's but your lad, as you me tell,
Dat loon may waſh her feet herſell;
Being forc'd to do't, through mere conſtraint,
To work in a rude way ſhe went,
Rubbed his toes, made the water riſe
At every plaſh, betwixt his thighs;
On this he to the Captain ſaid,
She rubs too hard this ſaucey maid,
I had far better do't myſell,
In trout, quo' ſhe, *an ſae ye ſall*,
Then both of them to ſleep were put,
The goodwife went to a hill-top
For to keep watch, leſt from the ſea
Incurſions ſhould come ſuddenlie.
As King's ſhips hover'd all about,
And parties through the land did ſcout.
Juſt as they wak'd the huſband came,
When Malcom heard, he to him ran,

And did salute him in the field,
Which meeting did great pleasure yield;
Because that word was to them brought,
He kill'd was at Colloden fight.
And after they had talk'd a while,
Think you yon ships will touch this isle?
Says John, I know not but they might;
Because they're never out of sight.
What if our Prince a pris'ner be,
In one of those ships which we see?
God forbid, then John reply'd;
But of his 'scape I'm mubh afraid:
For our nation's guarded round about,
And through the land there's many a scout.
But do you think, if he were here,
He would be safe, in such a shir?
Ay, safe be sure, whate'er they do,
I wish we had him here just now.
Then said he, John, he's in your house;
But to salute him, be cautious:
Because your wife, nor none elserknows,
By the name of Lewis Caw he goes,
My servant, a surgeon's son in Grief,
Like us, brought to trouble and grief:
Therefore behave when in you go,
That none within the house may know.
So home they came, and in he goes,
Then courteously poor Lewis rose,
Bare-headed stood, bonnet in hand,
But John could not himself command,
Burst out in tears, and on him flew,
Oh hon, Oh hon, What's this on you!
From splendor into deep distress!
He cry'd, and could no more express.

Wise

Wife and ſervants ſtood in amaze,
And did upon poor Lewis gaze:
Then Malcom in a paſſion flew,
And ſwore that he had fools enow,
Hurry'd them to another place,
And told his ſiſter all the caſe,
That he and poor Lewis was in,
Charged her forthwith for to run,
And bind her ſervants to ſecreſie
Or elſe they ſoon would ruin'd be.
When his ſiſter knew what gueſt he was,
Her kindneſs ſhe did the more expreſs,
And ſaid, Upon her very knees
She'd travel, fun to give him eaſe,
They then to conſultation went,
To get him to the continent:
Becauſe the iſles were dangerous,
Soldiers ſearching ev'ry houſe.
John then unto the laird he went,
To try how his affection bent,
By long-wind ſtories laments his caſe,
In being hunted from place to place:
Oh, ſaid the laird, were he now here,
I'd lay my life to get him clear,
And ſet him ſafe on the main land.
Then John he told him, clean off hand,
Where he was, and in what place,
And to his conſcience left his caſe.
Go tell him, I'll be with him ſoon,
To ſee what quickly ſhall be done.
John went home, the laird ſoon came,
With loyal affections, as chief of his clan,
And told, that for him he did provide
A good ſtout boat, pilot and guide;

That he himself design'd to go
To the main land with him also,
A thousand blessings on him prays,
And wish'd him long and happy days.
Then Malcom said, he would return,
Which caus'd the Prince in tears to mourn:
Captain, he said, Will you leave me now?
On the main land what shall I do?
Then said the laird, leave that to me,
On the main land I'll you supplie.
Sir, said Malcom, by now I'm mist
By friends, by foes, and this I trust
For to be ta'en, when I return,
Then I'll tell a tale of my sojourn,
Of all my travels how I was here,
Seeing my friends and sister dear;
But if they chance us to pursue,
They'll hear of me along with you:
For answer then, what could I say?
What man ye was, or gone what way?
Which accordingly it came to pass:
For he twelve months confined was,
And saw great London for the same,
There try'd and came with Flora *hame*.
So to the boat they all did go,
Which lay upon the shore below:
And as to it they did draw near,
Two men of war there did appear,
Came cruising in before the wind,
Hard on the shore, as they design'd,
Which caused them to sit down a space,
And smoak a pipe in a hollow place.
A silver-stock-buckle to Malcom he *gaid*,
And ten guineas too in his *loof* he laid,

Which

Which he did often-times refuse;
But begg'd some trifle that he did use.
Then, said he, Captain, Your pay's too cheap,
Besides, you will have my cuitty pipe,
And when you blow [illegible] you'll think on me,
As I have got another from you see.
And take these lines to Murdoch MacLeod,
To pay respects to him I'm proud.
The men of war having laid about,
Toward the boat they took the rout,
The writing in the letter this,
As writ *verbatim*, here it is,

SIR,

I THANK God, I am in good health and have got off as designed——Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at——I am, Sir, Your humble Servant,

James Thomson.

CHAP. XIII.

Sundry dangers and hardships on the main shore. Meets with six men who relieve him. Almost starved. Goes to Lochaber. Meets with Lochiel. Gets off from Muidart.

NOW, the men of war being out of sight,
On the eight of July, at eight at night,
The laird of MacKinnon, John by name,
With a pilot, guide, and four boat-men,
All on board with him they went,
To carry him to the Continent.

The night indeed was fair and clear;
But not above a mile they were,
Till wind and waves did rise in ire,
This Providence we may admire,
Which seemed to be fro[illegible] him,
The very waves striving [illegible] him,
And on their boat, came straight a head,
A boat with men all well armed:
But the sea was high, the wind so blew,
And nought but present death in view,
They hail'd each other, and that was all,
It was no time to search or trail:
Had not this storm proved his frien',
He'd surely in their clutches been.
And when they reached the main land,
Under the *lee* they're forc'd to stand,
The pilot ran her into a creek,
Got past the breakers, 'mong sand and *sleik*,
There they landed him and his guide,
And chus'd no longer to abide:
But to the sea again did go:
Because the storm did fiercely blow.
And as they were returning back,
A boat from *Morar* did them 'ttack;
And old MacKinnon was pris'ner made,
Being, by direction, to him led,
By a party who did the two pursue,
And the boat who of them had a view
The night before, when going over:
The facts of all they could discover,
At *Morar*, on his going back,
The laird MacKinnon they did take,
And prov'd the deed which he had done,
For which they sent him to London.

In

In Southwark goal long did he ly,
With heavy fetters did him ty,
Till in forty seven, the next year
By Act of Grace he got home clear.
Now Charlie went to Glen-Beasdale,
Where he heard tell of brave Lochiel,
Who about Loch-aber was lurking there;
But to get to him great dangers were:
As a line was form'd from Inverness,
Which reached to Fort-Augustus,
From thence unto Fort-William again,
Night and day stood armed men.
The word, in few minutes, did wheel
From end to end, *All is well*;
And from Fort-William to Locharkaig-head,
Another line was likewise made.
Thus he did in Glen-Beasdale ly,
Till circled almost ev'ry way.
Gen'ral Campbell, with four hundred men,
Upon the south-west side did land:
Captain Scot, with five hundred more,
Advancing from the easter shore,
And come within two miles of way,
They knew not what to do or say:
He sent for Cam'ron of Glen-pean,
Who thus'd to be his guide and man,
To Lovat's country for to go,
The braes of Locharkaig as he did know,
With them went Glenaladale and his brother,
Boradale's two boys, there was no other:
First went the guide on's hands and knees,
After past the Prince and the two boys,
Glenaladale and his brother at last,
Favour'd by the night, they quickly past

So

So near their route they heard their speech,
And ere day, got far out of their reach,
Right safe into Glen-Morison,
Left Glenaladale and him alone.
One day, as they a travelling were,
Over a desert mountain there,
Glenaladale chanc'd to lose his purse,
With forty guineas which in it was,
And money behind it had they none,
The Prince's being spent and gone.
While Glen return'd his purse to seek,
Charlie lay down at a bush cheek,
And there appear'd unto his view,
A band of soldiers, not a few,
Just upon that very spot
Where they had met, were't not the lot
Of turning for that very purse,
Kept them from what had been much worse.
So, close he lay, like as a toad,
Being at some distance from the road,
And saw them take another route,
That they'd meet Glen he had no doubt,
Being gone quite the contrary way,
For which he thankfully did pray.
Glen found his purse and turn'd again,
They chang'd their route through a wild glen,
Where nothing had they for to eat,
Full forty hours they wanted meat:
Weak and weary were they both,
Water indeed they had enough;
But found no sheep or venison,
The cattle being pined and gone.
At last, they chanced for to spy
A little smoking-hut near by;

Then said the Prince, thither I'll go,
Whether they should prove friend or foe:
Better for us be kill'd like men,
Than starv'd like fools: What says thou Glen?
Yet Glen refus'd, and said, I fear,
They may be king's-men watching here:
But in the Prince goes to the hut,
Which them in some confusion put,
Six sturdy thieves resided there,
Who at their dinner sitting were,
At a weighty piece of boiled beef,
For hungry men a blest relief.
Peace be here, the Prince did cry,
You're welcome, Sir, they did reply,
One star'd at him, then up he flew,
Ach Dougal MacColony, is this you?
I'm glad to see thee, with all my heart,
Sit down with us and take a part
By winks, he found, that he was known,
Return'd him thanks, and then sat down,
Ate hearty, and seem'd very merry,
Talk'd of the times, found by enquiry,
That ev'ry one spake as his friend,
And had all at Culloden been;
But only one of them him knew.
He then bethought him what to do,
And after dinner they took a walk,
With that same man to have some talk,
Who told him all the strengths about,
Where parties lay, and what to doubt.
And as, said he, "The other five,
"Are as faithful fellows as alive,
"You may your safety to them trust,
"Your case by them's lamented most.

"Here

" Here do we all in private stay,
" And make incursions for our prey:
" For meat and drink we do not want,
" Of silver and gold we are not scant:
" And since it's such a rousing time,
" To steal and rob we think no crime."
The other five were call'd and told,
Who did rejoice him to behold,
And swore that he should with them stay,
Till he found it safe to get away.
'Tween Strath-Fever and Glen-Morriston,
They kept up hunts, yea more than one,
And kindly there did entertain him;
To the very last they did befriend him,
And ere that he should taken be,
They ev'ry man would for him die.
While here he lieid on stolen beef,
Right suddenly there came relief:
Rod'rick Mackenzie, a merchant-man,
At Ed'nburgh-town had join'd the clan,
Had in the expedition been,
And at this time durst not be seen,
Being skulking in Glen-Morriston,
Him the soldiers lighted on,
Near about the Prince's age and size,
Genteelly dress'd, in no disguise,
In ev'ry feature, for's very face,
Might well be taken in any case;
And lest he'd like a dog be hang'd,
He chose to die with sword in hand;
And round him like a mad man struck,
Vowing alive he'd ne'er be took:
Deep wounds he got, and wounds he gave,
At last a shot he did receive,

And

And as he fell, them to convince,
Cry'd, Ah, Alas! *You've kill'd your Prince,*
Ye murderers and bloody crew
You had no orders this to do.
This did confirm them in the thought,
He was the very man they fought:
And ere that he was really dead,
They forthwith did cut off his head.
Scarce took they time the corpse to bury,
Being so o'erjoy'd, in such a hurry
To Fort-Augustus they went with speed,
Triumphing o'er poor Charlie's head.
All who had seen him, came it to view,
And vow'd the face was just and true;
The very barber who us'd to shave him,
The sim'lar treats seem'd to deceive him:
But, said he, were on his body set,
And spake, his voice I'll not forget.
Then to the Duke in haste they're bound,
And claim'd the thirty thousand pound.
The Duke thought now the work was done,
When Charlie's head was to him shown;
Call'd in all out upon command,
And caus'd the militia to disband;
The ships of war went to the south
And Charles' death did pass for truth.
He then for London took his route,
On July eighteenth did set out,
As brave Culcairn had sent him word
Of Lochiel's death, ev'n as aforesaid——
When plund'ring of Loebarkaig tile,
He found the grass cut through the pile,
Thinking it was some hidden store,
He digg'd it up, and found therefore

A man's

A man's body, who dy'd of a fore wound,
As appeared when they viewed him round;
A fine holland shirt he on him had,
Which soon they *whirled* o'er his head,
Being so much used to plunder,
To rob the dead thought little wonder,
And him they judg'd to be Lochiel,
Yet a near friend of his, they tell,
One Cameron, son of Callavat,
After which Lochiel no hunting gat,
Supposing him and Charlie dead,
Though it was two others in their stead.
So all the parties far and near,
To Fort-Augustus did retire:
Yet some of them were soon sent back
To burn and plunder, and to take
Some great offenders, as Barrisdale,
In which attempts they oft did fail:
For although the Duke's to London gone,
Burning and plunder still went on.

Now, the Prince into Lochaber went,
The seat of Lochiel, where he was bent
To know if he in life might be,
As word of's death o'er all did flee,
And the Prince's death so struck Lochiel,
That neither did bemoan himself;
But each lamented for the other,
And wept as one would for a mother:
But when they heard both were alive,
To meet in haste they did contrive,
Being only twenty miles between,
His brother, the doctor, did them convein,
With the other brother, John the priest,
Who had sincerely been in quest,

Through

Through many a mountain, wood and glen,
And found him out, with eager pain,
Into a hut, built in a wood,
Near Achnasual where it stood.
Charles at a distance did them spy,
Made him and Achnasual fly,
Not knowing what kind of men they were,
Nor what might be their business there;
But being inform'd, soon turn'd again,
Embrac'd with tears in tender strain,
And hearing that Lochiel was well,
His heart-felt-joy did not conceal.
The Prince was now in a poor dress,
Poverty's picture in distress,
A black coat with many patches,
Barefooted, and wanting breeches,
No ensigns of roy'lty or pride,
A durk and pistol by his side,
All weather-beaten, his gun in's hand,
Like a Gibeonite, once in Canaan.
They had kill'd a cow the day before,
Kept a pudding feast, you may be sure,
Part of it roast, part of it sodden;
But here no bread was to be gotten,
No meal nor salt could there be bought;
But what's from Fort-Augustus brought.
One man they had was passing free,
Came home by chance, *right cannilie*,
With a horse-load of provision,
Meal and salt, bread and *fnishen*,
And with him brought a printed News,
Which did their whole attentions rouze,
How the young Pretender and Lochiel,
O'er Corriarick, had pass'd that fell,

That they were both alive again,
And with them thirty armed men:
This caus'd him longer to abide,
As safely there he could reside,
If a new searching should ensue,
His watchmen here were good and true,
Dismist Glenaladale for home,
With the men came from Glen-Morriston,
Kept with him only captain MacRowe,
Cameron the priest, and other two,
With Cluny's children, they kept the hut,
And tour about on watch were put.

About this time from Dunkirk came
Sixty gentlemen, who in a band
As volunteers had freely join'd,
To bring him from the British ground.
At Polliver, in Seaforth's country,
Four of them landed privately,
The rest, on sea, kept hov'ring round;
But left a signal, how to be found,
And where they were for to bring to:
These were their orders how to do.
Soon after two of them were ta'en,
One Fitzgerald, called by name,
An officer belong'd to Spain,
Was hanged up at Fort-William,
Proven to be a Flander's spy,
Judg'd for same end, he came that way.
The other was Monsier de Berards,
An officer of the French guards,
Who from the gallows was befrien'd,
And by cartel again redeem'd.
The other two wandered about,
Till Lochgarie sent, and found them out;

Strangers

Strangers they ſeem'd, but who could know
Whether that they were friend or foe?
Captain MacRow did them invite,
At Lochgarie's with him to meet,
To him they plainly did unfold
From whence they came, and that they would
Fain ſee the Prince, or yet Lochiel,
Having letters to them and words to tell,
Or elſe to one call'd captain Drummond,
And more they would reveal to no man.
Lochgarie judg'd they might be ſpies,
Strove to be cautious and wiſe,
Firſt he ſent them to Lochiel,
With what ſuſpicion he had himſel:
Lochiel order'd the Prince to come in,
Under the name of captain Drummond,
As they the Prince did never ſee,
He told them where the two ſhould be,
Bade him a letter bring, as from him come,
To tell their ſecrets unto him.
And this the Prince actually did,
Met in a hut, built in a wood,
And kept converſe with them a day,
Then to meet Lochiel went on his way,
For to conſult what might be done,
Out of Scotland once for to win:
For the ſmall ſhip the Frenchmen left,
Quite off the coaſt were, all abaſt,
And never did at all appear:
But forc'd homeward with dread to ſteer,
And the officers, as I heard tell,
Were kept, by orders of Lochiel,
Moſt ſecretly into a hut,
Until a ſhip was ready got.

While the Prince yet at Clun's hut lay,
One morning, early of the day,
A child of Clun's came running in,
Crying, "Ohon! the red coats and the gun!"
Which caus'd them hurry out and ſee
A party coming, and that right nigh.
Cluny, John Cameron and his ſon
Into the wood did quickly run.
Clun ſtood their motions to behold,
The others ran to the Prince and told:
He ſleeping was in another hut,
Farther in the wood and more remote;
They plainly ſaid, they were ſurrounded;
Then up he roſe, no wiſe confounded,
Says he, my lads, review your guns,
And let us die like Scotland's ſons,
For me, I've been a ſhooter bred,
To miſs a mark I'm not afraid;
Yet we'll eſcape them if we may,
And live to ſee a better day.
Captain MacRow and Clun's old ſon
Were in another hut alone,
He ſent for them, they came with ſpeed,
And to the hill did all proceed,
Being eight in number, they were no more,
Soldiers they ſaw above five ſcore.
But what gave them the moſt ſurpriſe,
Was that the ſoldiers had paſt their ſpies,
Which they had planted round about,
Them to inform of ev'ry rout:
This caus'd them be the more afraid,
And think they ſurely were betray'd.
Then a hill-top they march'd unto,
Where of the party they had a view,

And

And all around could no more ſpy,
Than what were of the firſt party.
Next to Mallantagart's top they flee,
High above the braes of Glenkengie;
Then Cameron, the prieſt, and Clun's ſon,
To make diſcov'ry did backward run.
Two hundred men had gone that way,
Headed by Knockardo of Strathſpey,
A going to plunder Barriſdale,
And of Clun's ten cows left not a tail,
Which he few days before had bought,
When burnt his houſe and left him nought,
And yet they thought it was no crime,
To plunder him a ſecond time,
The very hut they rummaged,
Out of which they had lately fled.
Clun in the wood all the while lay,
And ſaw them drive his cows away,
Until perceiving they were gone,
Then he return'd crying, Ohon,
What, Shall I e'er thus plunder'd be?
For ſhelter now, where ſhall I flee?
Went with his ſon for bread and cheeſe,
Four bottles of whiſk they did not ſeize:
His ſtores all under ground were hid,
Cover'd with turff into the wood.
Being midnight ere they reach'd the ſpot,
Where Charles lay trembling and wet,
They drank the whiſk and eat the cheeſe,
Then of the heather made a *bleeze*.
When day came in, *beck'd* by the ſun,
They lay and ſlept till afternoon:
Then took their travels, that very night
To Achnacarie came full right,

Through waters to their *cleavings* high,
Dark was the night, they could not see.
Upon the morrow they kill'd a cow,
Whereof they fill'd their bellies fu',
Without bread, salt or sallad,
Sweet hunger relished their palate;
They told the flesh, bread was before,
And thankful were they had such store,
The country being burnt, and plunder'd,
And here to live no way they had.
On the next day Lochgarie came,
And with him doctor Cameron,
On their return back from Lochiel,
They bade the Prince for safety still,
To cross the hills near Badenoch;
For Athol *braes* were safe enough,
Among good friends could *skulk* a while,
Till time was found to leave this isle.
Whereat the Prince was well content,
And to their journey then they went,
Travell'd by night and slept by day,
Through many a *glen* an *awkward* way.
Lochiel and he again did meet,
And loud they cry'd like infants sweet,
Contrived now what should be done,
Once more all hazards for to run,
His brother the priest, of modest mouth,
To hire a vessel they sent south,
To take them off from the north shore;
Because that coast was watch'd no more.
But ere that he could get that done,
They found another, of safer run,
On north and west they watches set,
Upon the French ships for to wait,

Still

Still thinking that the Dunkirk sloop,
Might yet be hov'ring round about,
From which the Frenchmen did come,
And still attempt, to take them home:
Their signals to many ships they us'd,
But ne'er a one to answer chus'd.

Now col'nel Warren had got to France,
And brought a privateer from Nantz,
With three hundred and forty men,
Well arm'd, with thirty guns and ten
Of carr'ge and swivels which she bore,
The best sailer he could procure,
The Bellona, of St Maloes by name,
To anchor in Loch Moidart came,
And here the col'nel came on shore,
To a house where he had been before,
About the Prince for to enquire,
By chance the watch was waiting there,
Who knew what route the Prince was gone
And made it to the col'nel known,
Besides these officers of note,
Who now were lurking in a hut.
Then to the Prince express he sent,
Now was the time for his intent,
Who did set out that very night,
And message sent to all he might,
With speed at Moidart to appear,
With Warren, on board of privateer,
The two officers likewise came,
And met the Prince, who dash'd their frame,
Because with him they'd been so free,
When they took him Drummond to be.
But nevertheless he smil'd it over,
Hoping from such things they'd all recover.

All

All who came, did haste on board,
Last went himself, then sheath'd his sword,
Regreted sore, he was so kind,
So many suff'rers left behind.

CHAP. XIV.

Arrives at France. Reception there.

THUS on September the twenti'th day,
He from Loch-Moidart sail'd away,
The wind was low, the waves were kind,
To clear the land they much inclin'd,
No tempests rag'd as in times before,
As now the blast of fate was o'er,
No foes on sea did them perplex,
Till safe at Roscort, near Morlaix,
They on the twenty ninth did land,
Poor Charlie and his broken band,
Who all had surely been bewitch'd
By Spaniards and the subtile French.
They then to Paris did proceed,
To be refitted, great was their need.
He went *incog.* into Versailles,
With no attendance at his heels,
Receiv'd by King and Queen of France,
To them he told his mournful chance,
His sufferings they're surpris'd to hear,
And a thousand welcomes did appear.
So for his honour, I understand,
A *feu de joie* they did command.
That he should in procession come,
With sound of trumpet, beat of drum.

In

In the firſt coach, there was condoćted,
Lord Og'lvie, Elcho, and Glen-Bucket;
And with the Prince, there next came on
Lochiel, and lord Lewis Gordon,
Pages around, with ten footmen,
The Prince of Wales' liv'ry on them,
Kept by the Prince on ev'ry ſide,
While thouſands did admire their pride.—
Here Kelly, who broke London tower,
And Stafford, late from Newgate bower,
Who both from priſon ſtole away,
And in Britain could no longer ſtay,
Young Lochiel brought up the rear,
With three gentlemen of the bed-chamber.
Theſe did all on horſeback prance,
In proceſſion to the court of France.
That night the Prince ſupt with the King,
In Lochaber the like he had not ſeen,
Nor yet in Uiſt, fainting for ſault,
When glad of *brochan* wanting ſalt.
He hir'd a fine houſe, *The Theatine*,
Which ſtands upon the banks of Seine,
A river does through Paris run,
Ev'n as the Thames does through London.
His nobles all commiſſions got,
And form'd new reg'ments, Did they not,
The Scots, Engliſh, and Iriſh too,
Fought well at Val, and ſtood full true?
The Britiſh troops they did not ſpare,
Which was not altogether fair,
Commanded by Og'lvie and Lochiel;
But Charles took no command himſel.
Incog. he once to Mad'rid went;
But ſoon return'd, right ill content:

For

For about this time his Brother *got*,
From Rome's bishop a card'nal's hat,
Which does not any honour bring,
To Princes of Protestant spring,
In connexion with such a See
No Protestant can ever be.
At this great Charles was much chagrin'd,
Would hear no more of him as friend,
Omitted ev'n to drink his health,
Meaning he'd pledge his soul for wealth.
While he at Paris did reside,
Were silver and copper medals made,
With an inscription, thus expresst,
"CAROLUS WALLIAE PRINCEPS."
This in letters round the head,
On the reverse BRITANIA, read,
Then ships with this motto you'd see.
"AMOR ET SPES BRITANIAE."
This did offend the French grandees,
And did the King himself displease:
It did inform them, that he thought,
His pay was poor for what he wrought.
So here we leave him now to rest,
And view his friends sorely distrest,
And brought to desolation,
Through this deluding cause alone:
Schemes of the Devil, Pope, and Spain,
And French delusion, trust not again
You brave Scots-men, I pray beware
Of being trick'd into such war.
Now when this campaign ended was,
Troops did to Winter quarters pass,
Hessians set out for Germany,
And at Burnt-Island put to sea,

Where

Where ſome other reg'ments alſo went,
The Flanders war being ſtill extant.

CHAP. XV.

Trial and Execution of ſeverals at Kenſington, Brampton, and Carliſle.——The Lords Kilmarnock, Cromartie, Balmerino, Lovat, and Charles Ratcliff.

POOR Scotland yet did ſigh and moan,
Becauſe her ſuff'rings were not gone,
A time of trial for her deeds,
Where many loſt their hearts and heads.
The mildeſt was Kenſington muir,
Not far from London to be ſure,
Seventeen officers by the neck
Were hung, like dogs, without reſpect:
No clergy benefit, or pſalms at a',
Cheer'd by the mob with loud huzza:
Elev'n at York, ſhar'd the ſame fate:
Seven at Penrith, thus too were treat:
Six at Brampton likewiſe fell:
And nine were butcher'd at Carliſle:
Many were ſent to the plantations,
To live among ſavage nations,
Which indeed, was a milder act,
Than what is in the following tract,
Of theſe poor ſouls at Carliſle,
Whoſe execution was ſo vile,
A wooden ſtage they did erect,
And firſt, half ſtrangl'd by the neck,
A fire upon the ſtage was born,
Their hearts out of their breaſts were torn

The privy part unspared was,
Cut off, and dash'd into their face,
Then expanded into the fire;
But such a sight I'll ne'er desire,
Some beholders swooned away,
Others stood mute, had nought to say,
And some of a more brutish nature,
Did shout, *Huzza* to seal the matter,
Some a mourning turn'd about
A praying for their souls, no doubt,
Some curs'd the butcher, Haxam Willie,
Who without remorse used his *gullie*,
And for the same a pension got,
Thus butchering the *Rebel Scot*.
God keep all foes, and friends of mine,
From death of such a cruel kind:
It did fulfil :. Englifh law;
But such a sight I never saw.
O! may it ever a warning be,
From rebellious mobs, to keep us free!
My dear Scots-men, a warning take,
Superior pow'rs not to forsake,
Mind the Apostle's words, of law and love,
Saying, *All pow'r is giv'n from above*,
Its by will of heav'n kings do reign,
The Chain of Fate's not rul'd by men.
Every thing must serve its time,
And so have kings of Stewart's line.
Methinks they're fools, whate'er they be,
Who draw their sword to stick the sea,
Or calls upon the wind to *bide*,
Think not that strength will turn the tide;
Though praying made the sun to stand,
When help'd by an Almighty hand:

All

All thoſe who fight without offence,
Get but a dreadful recompence:
And thoſe who truſt in France or Spain,
Are fools if e'er they do't again:
Witneſs poor Charlie and the Scots,
What have they got, but bloody throats?
Charlie's from France baniſh'd, like a thief,
A poor reward for his toil and grief.
Poor ſimple Charles they have thee tricked,
Thy wage is almoſt like the wicked.
Now the trials were brought on,
Of the Chiefs who had with Charlie gone,
My lord Kilmarnock and Cromartie,
In Weſtminſter-hall judged to be,
Lord Lovat and Balmerino,
One Mr Ratcliff indicted alſo
Before their peers, for high treaſon,
Were to the bar brought, one by one.
Lord Kilmarnock did firſt appear,
Who humbly own'd his guilt was clear,
Confeſs'd his folly, its heinouſneſs,
How obnoxious to puniſhment he was.
For offences of ſo deep a dye,
Beg'd they'd intercede with's Majeſty,
That the unſhaken fidelitie
Of's anceſtors ſhould remembred be,
His father having been a ſteady one,
In promoting the Revolution,
Took active meaſures to ſecure
The Proteſtant ſucceſſion to endure,
Which keeps the kingdoms quiet and firm,
From arbitrary and Popiſh harm:
This was well known for certain truth.
His own ev'ry action from his youth,

Upon the ſtricteſt enquiry
Was a courſe of firmeſt loyalty,
Until that very unhappy time,
He was ſeduc'd with them to join,
Soon after the battle of Preſton,
He by flatt'ry was prevail'd upon:
That he bought no arms, liſted no men,
Perſuaded none to join that train:
He endeavour'd their rage to moderate,
For ſick and wounded med'cines *got*,
And for priſoners beg'd lenity,
This many a ſoldier could teſtify.
That for his error he had feel'd ſmart,
With pining grief and aching heart;
Ev'n at Culloden, chus'd not to fly,
But rather among the ſlain to ly:
He wiſh'd Providence had aim'd a ſhot,
That there to fall might been his lot,
Ere he'd flee to foreign pow'r for aid:
No, that he never wou'd, he ſaid:
If he did ſo, conſcience would tell,
'Twas continuing in Rebellion ſtill:
He had ſeen a letter from the French court,
The Britiſh Sovereign to exhort,
In what a manner he ſhould deal
With ſuch ſubjects as did rebel.
But he abhorr'd the mediation
Of any foreign interceſſion;
'Pon his Majeſty's great clemency,
For ſacred mercy I rely,
And if no favour's to me ſhown,
With reſignation, I'll lay down,
My head upon the fatal block,
For to receive the dreadful ſtroke,

With my very laſt breath ſervently pray,
That th' illuſtr'ous houſe of Hanover may,
In peace and proſperity ever ſhine,
And Britain rule, to th' end of time.
The earl of Cromartie came next,
While all their eyes were on him fixt,
He begg'd their lordſhips for to hear,
How ungrateful guilt brought him there,
Which juſtly merited indignation,
Of his Majeſty, and all the nation.
The treaſonable offence, ſaid he,
He'd ne'er attempt to juſtifie,
His plea did on their compaſſion ly,
And his Majeſty's royal clemency:
Appeal'd to's conduct in time by-gone,
Ere that unhappy rebellion
Witneſs the commander at Inverneſs,
And the lord Preſident Forbes,
Who knew his acts and loyal ways,
Till ſeduc'd by deſigning phraſe:
His awful remorſe, made him to fret
Severely now, Alas! too late,
Life and fortune valu'd not at all,
But his loving wife, now drown'd in gall,
With a babe unborn, of children eight,
All brought to a moſt mournful plight,
His eldeſt ſon with theſe muſt drie
The penalties of his miſerie,
" Let theſe Objects of mercy be
" Known to his moſt gracious Majeſtie,
" Let innocent children now produce
" Bowels of pity in this houſe,
" As men of honour be men of feeling,
" My griefs to you needs no revealing."

He pled his blood might quench his crime,
That their inn'cence should be kept in mind,
That those to mis'ry should not be brought,
Who of his guilt had never thought:
Since public justice would not let pass
From him that cup of bitterness,
Desir'd their Lordships to go on
And said, *The will of God be done.*
Then Balmerino next came on,
Who, as friend or foe, regarded none;
But star'd about and look'd as bold,
As he had been judge, that court to hold,
And 'gainst them mov'd a point of law,
His indictment was not worth a straw,
As being in the county of Surry founded,
For acts of treason in Scotland grounded:
Therefore should be in Scotland try'd:
But this the house of Lords deny'd,
And said, *The British Parliament*
Rul'd over all the king's extent:
Therefore he's forc'd to wave his plea;
But not a fig regarded he,
As mercy he scorn'd for to crave.
Then all three sentence did receive,
"To be beheaded on Tower-hill,
(A humble bow they gave there-till,)
"On the eighteenth August, forty six,
"Their heads be sever'd by an ax,
"Quite from their bodies, on open stage,
"To lose both life and heritage,
"Their estates forfeit to the crown,"
Which makes the babes unborn frown
And parents folly to lament.
So to the tow'r they all were sent,

For

For to prepare for their exit,
And with a greater Judge to meet.
Kilmarnock was as a Chriſtian mov'd,
The time though ſhort he well improv'd.
Balmerino took little thought,
As by the ſacrament all was bought,
And the externals of the book,
His perſuaſion did no farther look.
When the Dead-warrant was to him ſent,
To Cromartie they did preſent
A remit for life and libertie;
But the other two Lords were to die.
While Balmerino at dinner ſat,
The tidings came, how, and what
Was to be done on the next day,
His lady roſe and ſwoon'd away;
He roſe from's chair, ſays, You're diſtracted,
It is no more than I expected,
Sit down, my lady, and did conſtrain her,
It ſhall not make me loſe my dinner,
I know we all were born to die,
From death at laſt, where can we flee?
By his mild words ſhe kept her ſeat;
But ne'er a bit at all could eat.
He took the ſacrament, they ſay,
After th' Epiſcopalian way,
With a Roman courage and reſolution,
Boldly waited his diſſolution,
And of his fate oft made a jeſt,
Which to Engliſh eyes wou'd be a feaſt.
He often walked without his coat
With ſhirt open about his throat,
One of his friends unto him told,
He'd wrong his health by getting cold,

To which he answered again,
The lease of it was near an end,
'Twas the height of folly to repair,
For all the time it had to wear.
On the next day, the stage being erect,
All rail'd about, and hung with black,
A thousand foot-guards march'd theretill,
And form'd betwixt the Tow'r and hill.
The stage within the line enclos'd,
A full free passage so compos'd,
The horse Grenadiers posted without,
As to *awe* the crowd they were more stout,
Thus was it fixt right near until
The Transport-office at Tow'r-hill,
Which, that day, was hir'd for reception,
Until they went to execution.
About the hour of ten o'clock,
Upon the stage they fixt the block,
Which cover'd also was with black,
And of saw dust had several sack,
For to sprinkle upon the blood,
Being judged for that purpose good:
Their covered coffins within the rails,
Ornamented with gilted nails,
And plates, with their inscription,
Were fixed upon ev'ry one——
'Twas thus upon Kilmarnock's plate,
In Capital Letters engraved,

GULIELMUS COMES DE KILMARNOCK
DECOLLATUS 18VO. AUGUSTI,
ANNO DOM. M, DCC, XLVI.
ÆTAT. SUÆ, XLIII.

His coronet was thereto added,
Upon the plate likewise engraved.

And

And Balmerino's inſcription,
Was deeply grav'd the plate upon.

ARTHURUS DOMINUS DE BALMERINO,
DECOLLATUS 18*mo*. AUGUSTI,
ANNO DOM. M, DCC, XLVI.
ÆTAT. SUÆ LVIII.

Thus plac'd in a conſpicuous light,
With a baron's coronet ſhining bright.
Then after ten, near half an hour,
The two ſheriffs went to the Tow'r,
Knock'd at the gate, the Porter cry'd,
What do you want? They then reply'd,
The bodies of theſe Lords two,
Kilmarnock and Balmerino.
The Lieutenants and his Wardens brought
Theſe two Lords for whom they ſought,
And got receipts for each of them,
As uſual is to give the ſame.
And as they paſt out from the Tower,
('Tis uſually ſaid as they leave the door,)
God bleſs King George, the Warder cry'd,
God bleſs K—g J——s, Balmerino reply'd,
But Kilmarnock made a humble bow,
For Balmerino, ſeem'd nought to rue,
His regimentals and all was on,
The ſame as he had at Culloden.
Now, this proceſſion ſlowly ſteers,
Under a guard of muſqueteers,
The ſheriffs and their officers,
Tow'r-hamlets and tip-ſtaves in pairs,
Two hearſes and a mourning coach,
All to the ſcaffold did approach,
Three clergymen were there alſo,
The one with Balmerino

Was

Was of th' Epiſcopalian ſtrain,
Th' others were Preſbyterian men,
Who had of late from Scotland come,
Their names were Forreſter and Hume,
They did upon Kilmarnock wait,
Aſſiſting in his laſt exit.

Unto the tavern firſt they went,
Where ſome time in devotion ſpent,
And taking of their friends farewel
Tears did anguiſh and grief reveal:
As to the tavern they did go,
Some aſk'd, Which is Balmerino?
He turn'd about and *ſmiling ſays*,
I'm Balmerino, if you pleaſe.
In the inn they're put in ſep'rate rooms,
Where mourning was, and heavy moans.
Then Balmerino he did require
A conference with Kilmarnock there,
Then ſaid, "My Lord, before we go,
"One thing of you I want to know,
"That of it the world we may convince,
"Heard you of orders from our Prince,
"If we had Culloden battle won,
"That quarters ſhould be giv'n to none?"
To which Kilmarnock anſwer'd, NO;
NOR I, Sir; cried Balmerino,
"It ſeems this on invention borders,
"To juſtify this way of murders"
"No," ſaid the Earl, "by inference juſt,
"To tell the truth, for ſo we muſt,
"While priſoners at Inverneſs,
"I heard ſome officers expreſs,
"That an order was ſign'd by George Murray
"Of ſuch a nature as what you ſay,

"That's

" That's Grace the Duke had it to ſhow:
" More of the matter I do not know."
" If Murray (ſaid he) did the ſame,
" Why did they give the Prince the blame?"
And then a final farewel he took,
And parted with a mournful look,
" I'm ſorry (he cry'd) as he was gone,
" That I cannot pay this ſcore alone,"
Then turning round upon his heel,
For time, my friend, For ay farewel.
Kilmarnock ſome time in pray'r ſpent,
While tears did flow from all preſent,
Then took a glaſs, to cool his heart,
Before he did the room depart.
The warrand him mention'd firſt to go,
And being inform'd it muſt be ſo,
Then to the ſtage he did approach,
Seeing the hearſe, coffins, mourning-coach,
The dreadful block, edg'd inſtrument,
With th' executioner and crowd's lament,
He pays'd a while, and thus ſaid he,
O Hume, it's terrible this to me!
His pale countenance, contrite demure,
Did pity from all 'round procure,
Being tall and graceful, cloth'd in black,
In a praying poſture, mildly ſpake,
Which did the multitude ſurprize,
While briniſh tears ſhowr'd from their eyes,
And many ſaid, *He's dying well.*
Howe'er he liv'd, we cannot tell.
The head-cutter firſt took a glaſs,
Then came to aſk him forgiv'neſs;
Yet drink did not quite drown his fears,
At the awful ſcene he burſt in tears:

But

But the Earl bade him not be afraid,
As it muſt be done by ſome, he ſaid,
Gave him five guineas in a purſe,
And bade him ſtrike without remorſe,
When I let my handkerchief fall,
Do you proceed by that ſignal.
With eyes and hands lift up in pray'r,
Moſt earneſtly he did require,
The pray'rs of's greateſt enemie,
And all the crowd around that be,
In the fatal moment of *exit*,
That Jesus might receive his ſp'rit,
Pray'd for King George moſt fervently,
And bleſs'd his royal Family.
As he promis'd to do at his end,
Upon that day he was condemn'd.
Then for the block he did prepare,
His gentleman ty'd up his hair,
Took off the bag and the big coat,
His neck made bare all round the throat,
On a black cuſhion he kneel'd down,
While friends ſtood weeping all around:
The mournings off the rails they threw,
That all around might have a view,
His neck right on the block it lay,
With hands ſtretcht out to ſwim away,
And when he let th' handkerchief go,
He did receive the fatal blow,
Which cut the head off to a tack
Of ſkin, cut by a ſecond hack.
Thus did a brave Lord end his days,
Whoſe head was kept upon red baize,
And with his body in coffin laid,
By Forreſter with his ſervants aid,

Which

Which quickly to the hearſe they bore,
And clear'd the block and ſtage of gore,
By ſtrinkling freſh ſaw-duſt thereon,
That ſign of ſlaughter there was none.
Then Balmerino he came forth,
Like a bold hero from the North,
Who of death itſelf was not afraid,
At leaſt, he ſhow'd but ſmall regard,
Cloth'd in his regimental *Blue*,
Trimmed with gold, a warlike hue.
He pray'd to God, and mercy ſought;
But fear of men was paſt his thought:
Drank to's friends ere he left the room,
And charg'd them all for to drink round,
Ain degree to heaven for me
And wiſh'd them better times to ſee:
Then ſaid, *Gentlemen a long adieu,*
I'm detaining both myſelf and you.
Then to the ſcaffold he went full brief,
No ſigns of ſorrow, fear or grief,
And round it walk'd a turn or two,
Where he ſaw acquaintance, gave a bow:
The inſcription on his coffin read,
Said, *That is right*, and ſhook his head.
The block he call'd, His pillow of reſt,
And ſaid, That ax has been well dreſt,
The executioner's ſhoulder did clap,
And ſaid, My friend, Give a free chap,
You aſk my pardon, but that's a fable,
Your buſineſs is commendable:
Here's but three guineas, it is not much:
For in my life I ne'er was rich,
I'm ſorry I can add no more to it,
But my coat and veſt, I will allow it,

The

The buttons, indeed, they are but brass;
But do thy bus'ness ne'ertheless,
Stript off his coats and neck-cloth too,
And them upon his coffin threw:
A flannel waist-coat then put on,
With a tartan cap his head upon,
Then said, For honour of the Clan,
This day I die as a Scots-man.
Then adjusted his posture on the block,
Shewing his signal for the stroke,
Was by dropping of his arms down:
Then turning to his friends aroun',
He once more of them took farewel,
And to the croud around did wheel,
Perhaps you'll think I am too bold,
This to a gentleman he told,
Whom he perceived standing near,
But, Sir, I solemnly declare,
It's all through confidence in God,
A sound conscience, and cause avow'd.
If I dissemble with signs of fear,
I were unworthy of dying here.
Then to the executioner said,
Strike resolute, and have no dread:
For I'll surely count you for a foe,
Unless you give a hearty blow.
To the stage side did then retire,
And call'd the Warder to come nigh'r,
Asking which was the hearse for him,
Bade the driver, come nearer in,
Immediately kneel'd to the block,
Stretch'd out his arms, and thus he spoke,
" O Lord reward my friends, he cries
" And now forgive mine enemies,

" Receive

" Receive my ſoul, good Lord, I crave,"
So his arms fell, the ſignal gave.
At this unlook'd for ſuddenneſs,
Th' executioner ſurpriz'd was,
Did unprepar'd direct the blow,
That deep enough it did not go,
Before the ſecond he turn'd his head,
As if in anger his jaws they *gada*,
Gnaſhing his teeth ſo veh'mentlie,
The head went off by blows three,
Upon red baize, the chopt off head,
Was in coffin with his body laid.
Then the two hearſes drove away,
To the grave where Tyllibardine lay,
In St Peter's Church, into the Tower,
Is theſe three Scots Lords ſepulchre,
All for one cauſe, into one grave,
Whom French deluſion did deceive.
Next Charles Ratcliff was execute
For an old heroic exploit,
In the rebellious year fifteen,
Had with his brother at Preſton been,
James the Earl of Derwentwater,
Who likewiſe ſuffer'd for the matter.
About thirty years before,
He loſt his life and land therefore,
This Charles too was condemned;
But he from Newgate ſafely fled,
By ſlipping through a private door,
Along with other thirteen more,
Who by good fortune had the chance,
For to get ſafe away to France:
And he with King James went to Rome,
And zealous Papiſt did become.

Twice return'd to England again,
Thinking his pardon to obtain;
But when he found it would not do,
A French commiſſion he clapt into,
And there remain'd till forty ſix,
When he thought, as heir, to reſix
Upon the lands of Derwentwater;
But yet he did not mend the matter:
For as he did for Scotland ſteer,
On board of a French privateer,
The Sheerneſs catched him at ſea,
With Scots and Iriſh more than he,
Bold officers for the Pretender,
Who yet were forced to ſurrender.
His Sire was Sir Francis of Derwentwater,
By extract from a Royal fornicator:
His mother's name was Mary Tudor,
From Charles the ſecond, a nat'ral brooder,
Her mother's name was Mary Davis,
Whom the King lov'd as any *mavis*:
By this he came of Stewarts line,
And blood to blood doth much incline;
Yet, b' equivocation to get free,
Deny'd himſelf Ratcliff to be,
After the identic body's prov'd,
He for arreſt of judgment mov'd,
Said, He was a French officer,
Claim'd uſage of a priſoner,
Being taken in a lawful war,
To touch him did them boldly dare:
But all this prov'd of no effect,
For the old crime he loſt his neck,
Committed in the year Fifteen,
Though three and thirty years between.

Upon

Upon December the eight day,
He to Tow'r-hill was led away
Where ſtage and block they did up fix,
And cut his head off at three licks.
Yet of his death he was right vain,
Gave his neck-cutter guineas ten.
His coffin was made ſuper-fine,
Its handles all like gold did ſhine.
In Roman faith he liv'd and pray'd,
And in that fort of faith he dy'd;
All ſeeming repentance he declin'd
As in Purgutary to be refin'd:
And had ſalvation ſo a cooking,
As to think no more of death than ducking,
Being ſo ſtout a Pope's believer,
Went to death as he would ſwim a river;
The prieſts clear'd all the paſſes for him,
Invok'd the ſaints full well to ſtore him:
So in his death there were no bands,
Although his neck did feel ſome pains.
He ſmil'd his coffin to look upon,
Whereon was this inſcription,

CAROLUS COMES DE DERWENTWATER,
DECOLLATUS DIE 8vo. DECEMBRIS,
MDCCXLVI. AETATIS LIII.
Requieſcat in pace.

After the cutting off the head,
His corpſe were in the coffin laid,
And carry'd back into the Tow'r,
Where they lay till th' eleventh hour.
That a proceſſion of mourning coaches,
Unto St Giles with him approaches,
To the Earl of Derwentwater's grave;
And here poor Ratcliff we ſhall leave.

Now comes Lord Lovat, an aged man,
And chief of all the Frazers Clan,
Was next before his Peers try'd,
Moſt of th' impeachments he deny'd,
Half dead with age, and almoſt deaf,
Which did them plague, and caus'd miſchief:
For when they cry'd and cry'd again,
He anſwer'd on ſome other ſtrain,
And told them, it was no fair trade,
As he did not hear one word they ſaid,
And did not ſee what they could do,
As he 'gainſt George, his ſword ne'er drew;
But always was governments friend:
Therefore he wonder'd what they mean'd.
In the year *Fifteen* it was well known,
How much his loyalty was ſhown,
In quenching that rebellious ſtorm,
What brave exploits he did perform.
Now, ſaid he, I am old and *foild*,
And cannot walk without a *hald*,
Without cauſe, ye need not my blood ſpill,
For death right ſoon will come a will:
If you judge I have been kind to foes,
It is but what the word allows.
Yet his ſervants were witneſs led
Of every deed done and ſaid,
In ſupporting the rebellious way,
And ſo their proof bore heavy ſway,
What Charles drank that afternoon,
When from Culloden he did run.
Then for his life was no remead,
He was condemn'd to loſe his head,
Which he bore in a heroic way,
As an ancient Roman this did ſay,

DULCE

DULCE ET DECORUM PRO PATRIA MORI,
Its ſweet and glorious a patriot to die.
The proof was ſtrong, though he deny'd,
His letters alſo were apply'd,
Which he to Lord Preſident ſent,
When he adviſ'd him to repent,
And recal his ſon and men again,
Which counſel he held all in vain,
Saying, He had ſix hundred Frazers got,
To guard his body from the King's hate,
And aſk'd, from whence ſuch law could come,
As puniſh a father for the ſon?
If's ſon and the young clan were loſt,
Yet of the old he made a boaſt,
That if his perſon were attack'd
His foes ſhould be in collops hack'd;
Such were the brags in a letter ſent,
Was writ unto Lord Preſident,
When he adviſ'd him for his good,
To call his clan from Charlie's croud:
Fight! that he would, and die at home,
As it was not far unto his tomb,
When dead, his countrywives he'd have
Gronoch to ſing around his grave.
Likewiſe he wrote, I underſtand,
Unto the Duke of Cumberland,
Reminding him, that he with joy,
Us'd him to carry when a boy,
Through Kingſton park and Hampton-Court
And to his Royal Sire made ſport.
So, of his Grace he did demand
The favour, but to kiſs his hand,
And told him he would do more good,
Than what they really underſtood.

Says he, 'twill be a better way,
Than take a poor man's life away,
Who cannot ſtand, ride or walk;
But only ly, or ſit and talk.
To this the Duke no anſwer gave,
'Tis like, he wiſh'd him in his grave.
A zealous Roman did to him write,
And had in him ſo great delight,
That he offer'd to ſuffer in his ſtead,
Whereat he ſmil'd, and jeering ſaid,
This man's contrair Scripture, I ſee,
For a righteous man one'll hardly die:
But for me, indeed, I'ſe not regard;
For I doubt he'll hardly be preferr'd,
When to the ſcaffold he was born,
He looked round the crond with ſcorn:
Preſerve me Sirs, then did he ſay,
What's brought a thir ſowk here the day?
To ſee an auld gray head cut off,
That cannot gang, no wi a ſtoff,
But maun be born here by men,
The like o' this we ne'er did ken.
Then view'd the hatchet and the block,
Said, a ſtrange way of killing ſowk,
To th' executioner, ſaid he too,
There's nae man works, friend, after you,
But you'll have a *kittle* job of me,
My neck's ſae ſhort, ſtrike *cannilie*,
Here's a *bit* purſe, *gi't a gaid drive*,
I needna' wiſh your trade to *thrive*.
Then fell a ſcaffold which rais'd a roar,
He did enquire the cauſe therefore:
They ſaid, A ſcaffold's fall'n, and many kill'd.
"*A-wed*, ſaid he, Their time's fulfill'd,
"I thought,

" I thought, this day, to dy'd my *lane*;
" But the beſt of *fowk* will be *miſtane*:
" I cannot ſay, I am ſorry for't,
" For the mair miſchief, the better ſport."
Then after *Ave Maria* and pray'r,
With *Salve Regina*, in a heroic air,
He laid his head upon the block,
And there receiv'd the fatal ſtroke,
In the eighty third year of his age,
Thus dy'd on Tow'r-hill, on open ſtage,
Old Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat,
'Gainſt rebellious Plots a *Caveat*.

CHAP. XVI.

Concluſion. Charles interrupts the Congreſs. Is ſeized at the Opera. Carried to the Caſtle of Vincennes. And forced to leave France.

NOW France was hemm'd on ev'ry ſide,
And Charles' reward was humbling's pride.
By ſea, by land, poor France was done;
She begg'd for peace to *draw her win.*
No ſhip durſt from her harbours ſteer,
Man of War, Merchant, or Privateer,
Her trade was ſtopt by ſea and land,
Bold Britain did the ſeas command:
She ſued for peace at any price,
But Charles' affairs made it right nice.
At Aix la Chapelle did the Congreſs hold,
And when Charles thereof was told,
He proteſted 'gainſt what might be done,
In prejudice of his pretenſion:

For

For all his titles he would keep ſtill,
Let Britain and France do what they will:
And this perplexed Lewis ſore,
And anger'd Britain ſtill the more,
So with France no peace there could be made,
While She the Pretender harboured:
France durſt not on her part ſay No,
Leſt She ſhould get the fatal blow.
Britain now aſk what thou will,
France can promiſe and not fulfil.
The Articles were all agreed,
But neither ſign'd nor ratify'd,
Until poor Charlie was ſent away,
Which he poſtponed every day,
And inſtead of haſtening to go,
He gave the King's gold-ſmith to know,
That he wanted a ſervice of plate,
At twenty thouſand crowns in rate,
Charg'd to be ready 'gainſt ſuch a day,
Without excuſes or delay.
Before this work was well begun,
Another the King muſt have as ſoon,
This put the jeweller in dread,
Straight to the Prince he did proceed,
Told him the matter, begg'd more time,
No, ſaid he, the firſt order's mine,
Go to the King and let him know——
Then ſaid Lewis, *Let it be ſo*,
Thinking that he was going away,
But yet this caus'd ſome more delay.
The plate was made and to him ſent,
Ev'n by the King's commandement,
And his Comptroller the charge to pay,
Hoping 'twould haſten him away:

But

But Charles told him very plain,
That he in France would ſtill remain,
For he had full right to do ſo
By an alliance treaty long ago
And this he might let Lewis know.
On this the King wrote ſtraight to Rome,
To adviſe what plan he might aſſume.
The Pope and Pretender did approve,
That Charles ſhould from France remove.
As the King for him would provide,
At Tribourg, a palace to reſide,
On what yearly penſion he ſhould demand,
Sent him a blank from his own hand,
To name the ſum though e'er ſo high,
Sign'd by's moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.
The Duke de Graves with it was ſent,
Who begg'd he'd write the ſum's content
Into the blank with his own pen,
But down he threw it with diſdain,
Saying, Bills and Bonds will ſeem but froth,
If Sovereigns cannot keep their troth.
Then came the Count de Maurepas,
With Charles to argument the cauſe;
As it was the King's expreſs command,
That he ſhould forthwith leave the land,
If he chus'd not in peace to do it,
Their ſcheme was to compel him to it,
That the miniſtry were greatly ſtruck,
At his behaviour and conduct,
In ſtopping the whole of their affairs
This is what the Count's commiſſion bears.
Your Miniſtry, cry'd he, with diſdain,
You'll oblige me, tell your King and them,

I'm

I'm born, I truſt their ſchemes to break,
And how to do't, I could direct:
But, I hope, the time will ſoon draw on,
When that good work it will be done.
About this time from London came,
Two hoſtages of worthy fame,
As pledges of the peace to be,
And Articles to ratifie,
While the French had none to London ſent:
At which the Prince a ſquib did vent,
What! Is Britain conquer'd, he did ſay,
That their hoſtages are here away?
And is FRENCH FAITH ſo current grown,
That hoſtages they aſk for none?
This league ſhall yet like poor mine go,
Which was ſworn to a few years ago.
This did the miniſtry enrage,
And nought's for Charlie but the cage,
As the ſcheme was fully contriv'd,
A courier from Rome arriv'd,
Where the Pope and old Pretender too
Did his whole conduct diſavow,
Ord'ring him forthwith to retire,
To which he yet gave a deaf ear;
But knowing that he muſt fall their prey,
Ord'red his plate and jewels away.
His behaviour did through Paris ſpread,
And all did own him, hard beſtead.
Then by the King an order's ſigu'd,
Directly to have him confin'd,
Twelve hundred guards did cloſs parade,
Horſe and grenadiers were had
All armed and *Cap-a-pee*,
Set round the Opera carefullie,

The

The Duke de Biron had command,
But loth to take the deed in hand;
Caus'd Major Venderville execute,
Who did not with much honour do't.
Six lusty ruffians were prepar'd,
Who waiting stood within the guard,
And as he entred the Opera door,
They seiz'd him fast, and squeezed sore
His hands and arms in the squabble,
The guards around kept off the rabble,
Who had the Prince in great esteem,
And wish'd their help him to redeem,
His servants and each favourite
Were strictly order'd to retreat;
Sword and pistols from him did wrest,
This comes French vows to at the best.
His arms and thighs with cords were knit,
And in a coach they have him set,
With a Major upon ev'ry side;
In this posture they made him ride
Unto the castle of Vincennes,
While soldiers guarded all the lanes,
Until that length they did proceed,
As there an uproar was indeed;
For 'mong the croud it was current told,
That he was to the English sold:
Some said this, and some said that,
And thousands told they knew not what.
The governor did him embrace,
And cried, "Ah my friend, Alas!
"A noble Prince so bound with cord,
"Upon my word, I'm sorry for't,"
And then in haste with his own hands,
Respectfully unloos'd his bands:

But

But to a dark apartment led him in,
Was only ten foot ſquare within,
No window to look any way,
A ſky light ſhew'd ſome peep of day,
When he view'd his priſon round and round,
Said, he'd been worſe into Scots ground;
Poor Charlie this was hard to *thole*,
To clap thee in a French *black-hole!*
And there he was confin'd to ly,
Till to depart he did comply,
As the Pope and King James did deſire,
That he from French ground ſhould retire.
When finding that it muſt be ſo,
He freely did conſent to go,
Two col'nels went, as it appears,
To ſee him paſs the French frontiers:
They took the route to Fountainbleau,
And to his dungeon bade adieu,
He did not love to be confin'd,
So now the peace was fairly ſign'd,
And Charlie baniſh'd like a fool,
Who was only us'd as a French tool,
And to Scotland a ſcourge and curſe,
I mean by waſte of blood and purſe.
But in time to come, dear countrymen,
O do not do the like again!
The Popiſh oaths ye'll find a puff,
When ye get on the neck a cuff;
For in ages paſt you may ſee plain,
Theſe are the tricks of France and Spain,
For to be peaceable and good,
Till they are in a fighting mood,
And then a quarrel they will breed
For any thing they ſtand in need.

A Quaker's

A Quaker's Addreſs to Prince Charles, ſhewing what was the Cauſe and Ground of his Misfortunes.

NOW Charles, if thou want'ſt more ſorrow,
Thou may return if 'twere to morrow,
I know, the Pulpit and the preſs
Were the great means of thy diſtreſs,
And thou hadſt got no wit to guide it,
No principle thou had provided.
Hadſt thou, like Oliver appear'd
In devout mood, thou might been heard:
But a Prince without a principle!
What thou couldſt be, I cannot tell.
The Proteſtants look'd badly on thee,
So many wicked hang upon thee,
And of thy forbears, they plainly tell,
Of Popery thou bearſt a ſmell.
Thou truſtedſt nought to ordination,
But thought to force a crown and nation.
I tell thee, king's reign not by men,
It's a higher pow'r, thou it find it plain.
The Pope, the Pagan and the Turk,
It's all by fire and ſword they work:
We Quakers are of greater merit,
We conquer none but by the Spirit;
But thou, and each thy like's a cheat,
That pretend to rule the turns of fate,
And will fight againſt the great decree,
As of wind and waves would ruler be,——
The Pope pretends to curſe and bleſs,
And yet, cannot create a Louſe,

Nor make a dead beast live again,
For all the might he does preten':
Yet claims a power in heav'n and earth,
Of judgment here, there is a dearth,
But O! what madness fills their head?
To pray to saints thousand years dead!
If dead men had such power to sell,
Many of them wou'd been living still.
And if those dead men could hear us,
They might sometimes send news to cheer us.
By Yea and Nay, the Popes are thieves,
And he's as stupid that believes,
These roguish priests who pardons sell,
Or yet pray back a soul from hell.
He's surely of the devil's kind,
Who thus deludes the vulgar blind;
And who adheres to such a college,
Will be destroy'd for lake of knowledge,
With Beads and Wafers, the Devil's batter,
Your musty Mass, and Holy Water,
Wherewith ye blind the souls of men,
For to encrease your worldly gain,
Done with pretence of holiness:
O hypocrites, why live ye thus?
You thump, you mump, with face awray,
And at one time you rob and pray.
Pretend so much to chastitie,
None of your priests can marry'd be,
Yet run like Rams, and lead lewd lives,
We're but a pack of venereal thieves:
You practise cuckolding and whoredom,
That innocents have no freedom,
Dreading the power of curse and bless,
You thus put modesty in distress,

Pretending

Pretending Miracles and Charms,
To keep from evil ſpirits harms,
Such as Clover-leaves or Branch of Yew,
Will keep the devil from man or cow,
And that Holy Water has ſuch effect,
As make him run and break his neck,
Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell,
Of ſending letters to heaven or hell,
Brings half burnt ſouls from Purgatory,
For gold you'll harle them out in hurry,
And thoſe who cannot money raiſe,
You'll do it for butter, beef or cheeſe;
But they may there ſtay, eternallie,
Whoſe friends will not pay you a fee:
I think a ſtronger deluſion,
Was never in any ages known,
The Turk, the Pagan and the Jew,
More mercy have to ſhow than you,
Your ceremonies ſo ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor ſo'k,
Who cannot pay the prieſt his fee:
Accurs'd be ſuch belief for me.——

And now, dear Charles, how doſt thou think,
Such doctrine would in Britain ſink,
Into a Preſbyterian's noſe,
Or any who good plain ſenſe knows?
Diſſenters and we they Quakers call,
Proteſt, They're not of Iſrael,
Who pretend a power to damn or ſave,
Or bear a rule beyond the grave.
All is given us from above,
And ſouls are ſaved by mere love;
But the ſp'rit of men, which ſome hold money,
I term it but the devil's honey,

Wherewith you blind the ignorant,
And cozen them who hate repent:
But as thou profeſs no principle
Thou might have turn'd a *What ye will*;
But thoſe who no profeſſion own,
Are of kin to the beaſts alone:
They ſurely have but little wits,
Who eſteem no God above their guts.
What wa'ſt thou ſought? What wa'ſt thou got?
Surely 'twas nothing but thy lot.
Though Popes pretend to rule the earth,
They cauſe nought but a ſp'ritual dearth,
As they can neither rule earth nor ſea,
Witneſs what has behappen'd thee:
It ſurely makes your Pope a knave.
To pretend a pow'r beyond the grave;
Had his Apoſtolic pow'r been true,
Thou wou'dſt been King of Britain now.
Wert thou a Proteſtant in heart,
I'd wiſh thee very well in part;
But the laſt wiſh thou'lt get from me,
Is, God keep our land of Pop'ry free!
May the throne continue in Proteſtant race
And ne'er a Papiſt fill his place.
Thus ſaith to thee an honeſt Quaker,
Thou ne'er ſhalt here be a partaker:
For all Rome's plots and magic ſpell,
Its ſeldom now they proſper well,
Her days of witchcraft are near run,
Few *Ave's* or *Te Deum's* ſung,
A Maſs that's mumbl'd o'er in haſte,
Spoke in the language of the beaſt,
Which but by few is underſtood,
Poor chaff inſtead of ſp'ritual food:

But

But Ignorance, the Papiſts ſay,
Is unto heav'n the neareſt way:
But, O ye wretches, this I doubt,
While you the ſp'ritual light keep out,
And teach ſo freely and off hand,
To break the very Lord's command,
And on no other things lay hold;
But truſt the prieſt, and give him gold.
All ſins by them are pardoned,
So by the Noſe the poor are led;
Not blinded nations or ideots,
But the rich, learned reprobates,
Who will not from ſinning hold,
As long's they have one bit of gold.
Wo will be to ſuch prieſts, I ſay:
For hell's prepar'd for ſuch as they.

NATHAN NOMORE.

*** The Impeachments againſt Lord GEORGE MURRAY, and JOHN MURRAY Secretary, accuſed of treachery by the Public, are here omitted, thought in ſome reſpects to be groundleſs, at leaſt of Lord GEORGE: For there is never a Battle loſt, but the Commander gets the Blame, and when one is won, the Commander gets all the Praiſe, as if the Soldiers had done nothing: And it is further obſerved, after the loſs of a Battle, it is the cry of the Public and the runaway Soldiers, WE ARE SOLD, WE ARE SOLD.

THE following COPY, mentioned by Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, on the day of their execution, is here inſerted *verbatim* ——The Public are left to judge whether it is ſpurious or not, as the Author does not pretend to judge in the affair: Only it was judged ſpurious by Duke William himſelf, and ſeveral officers, who knew the order of war.

Copy of the REBELS ORDERS before the BATTLE of CULLODEN, *(ſaid to be)* found in the Pocket of one of the Priſoners.

Parole, *Roy Jaques.*

"IT is his ROYAL HIGHNESS' poſitive Orders, that every Perſon attach himſelf to ſome Corps of the Army, and remain with the Corps night and day, until the Battle and Purſuit be finally over: And to give no Quarters to the ELECTOR'S Troops, on any account whatſoever.——This regards the Foot, as well as the Horſe.——The order of Battle is to be given to every General Officer and Commander of a Regiment or Squadron.

"IT is required and expected of each Individual in the Army, as well Officer as Soldier, that he keep the Poſt he ſhall be allotted: And if any man turn his back to run away, the next behind ſuch man is to ſhoot him.

"NO body, upon pain of death, is to ſtrip the Slain, or plunder, until the battle is over. ——The Highlanders to be in Kilts, and no body to throw away their Guns."

(Signed)

GEORGE MURRAY, *Lt.-Gen.*

The

Miss FLORA's Lament. A SONG.

Tune, *Woes my heart that we should sunder.*

WHEN that I from my darling pass'd,
My love increas'd like young Leander,
With the parting kiss, the tears fell fast,
Crying, woes my heart that we should sunder.

O'er mountains, glens, and raging seas,
When wind and waves did roar like thunder,
Them I'd encounter again with ease,
That we were ne'er at all to sunder.

O yet I did to Malton go,
And left my darling Swain to wander;
Where was one friend, were fifty foe;
And I myself was then brought under.

By a rude band of bloody hue,
Because I lov'd a young Pretender;
If it were undone, I would it do,
O'er hills and dales, with him I'd wander.

From ship to ship, was toss'd about,
And to the Nore did me surrender;
Crouds of rude hands, I stood them out,
And lov'd none like my young Pretender.

To great London, I came at last,
And still avow'd my passion tender;
Thinking for death I would be cast,
For serving of my young Pretender.

But thanks be to the Georgian race,
And the English laws, I judg'd untender;
For they thought nought of all my case,
Although I lov'd a young Pretender.

They charg'd me to the Highlands go,
For women wit, and strength was slender;

As I ne'er in arms appear'd as foe,
In defence of a young Pretender.

O were my Swain at Malton gate,
Or yet at Sky I'd be his lover;
In ſpite of all the laws of late,
I would call him ſweet darling Rover.

The AUTHOR'S *Addreſs to all in general.*

NOW gentle readers, I have let you ken,
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,
Its needleſs now for to conten,
Or yet controule,
For there's not a word o't I can menn',
So ye muſt thole.

For on both ſides, ſome were not good,
I ſaw them murd'ring in cold blood,
Not th' gentlemen, but wild and rude,
The baſer ſort,
Who to the wounded had no mood,
But murdring ſport.

Ev'n both at Preſton and Falkirk,
That fatal night ere it grew mirk,
Piercing the wounded with their dirk,
Caus'd many cry,
Such pity's ſhown from Savage and Turk,
As peace to die.

A woe be to ſuch a hot zeal,
To ſmite the wounded on the fiel,
Its juſt they get ſuch groats in kail,
Who do the ſame,
It only teaches cruelty's teal,
To them again.

I've

I've ſeen the men call'd Highland Rogues,
With Lowland men, make *ſhange* a brogs,
Sup kail and broſe, and fling the cogs
Out at the door,
Take cocks, hens, ſheep and boggs,
And pay nought for.

I See'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole,
With a ſtring of puddings, hung on a pole,
Whip'd o'er his ſhouder, ſkip'd like a fole,
Caus'd Maggy ban,
Lap o'er the midden and midden-hole,
And aff he ran.

When check'd for this, they'd often tell ye,
Indeed *her nainſel's* a tum belly,
You'll no gi'et wanting bought, nor ſell me,
Herſel will haet,
Go tell King Shorge, and Shordy's Willie,
I'll hae a meat.

I ſee'd the ſoldiers at Linton-brig,
Becauſe the man was not a Whig,
Of meat and drink, leave not a ſkig
Within his door,
They burnt his very hat and wig,
And thumpt him ſore.

And thro' the Highlands they were ſo rude,
As leave them neither clothes nor food,
Then burnt their houſes to conclude,
'Twas tit for tat,
How can *her nainſel* ere be good,
To think on that.

And

And after all, O shame and grief,
To use some worse than murd'ring thief,
Their very gentlemen and chief,
Unhumanly,
Like Popish tortures, I believ,
Such cruelty.

Ev'n what was act on open stage,
At Carlisle in the hottest rage,
When mercy was clapt in a cage,
And pity dead,
Such cru'lty approv'd by ev'ry age,
I shook my head.

So many to curse, so few to pray,
And some aloud huzza did cry,
They curs'd the Rebel Scots that day,
As they'd been noute
Brought up for slaughter, as that way
Too many rowt.

Therefore, alas! dear countrymen,
O never do the like again,
To thrist for vengeance, never ben,
Your guns nor pa'
But with th' English, een borrow and len,
Let anger sa'.

Their boasts and bullyings, not worth a louce,
As our king's the best about the house,
It's good ay to be sober and douce,
To live in peace
For many I see, for being o'er crouse,
Gets broken face.

THE

THE

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FINIS.